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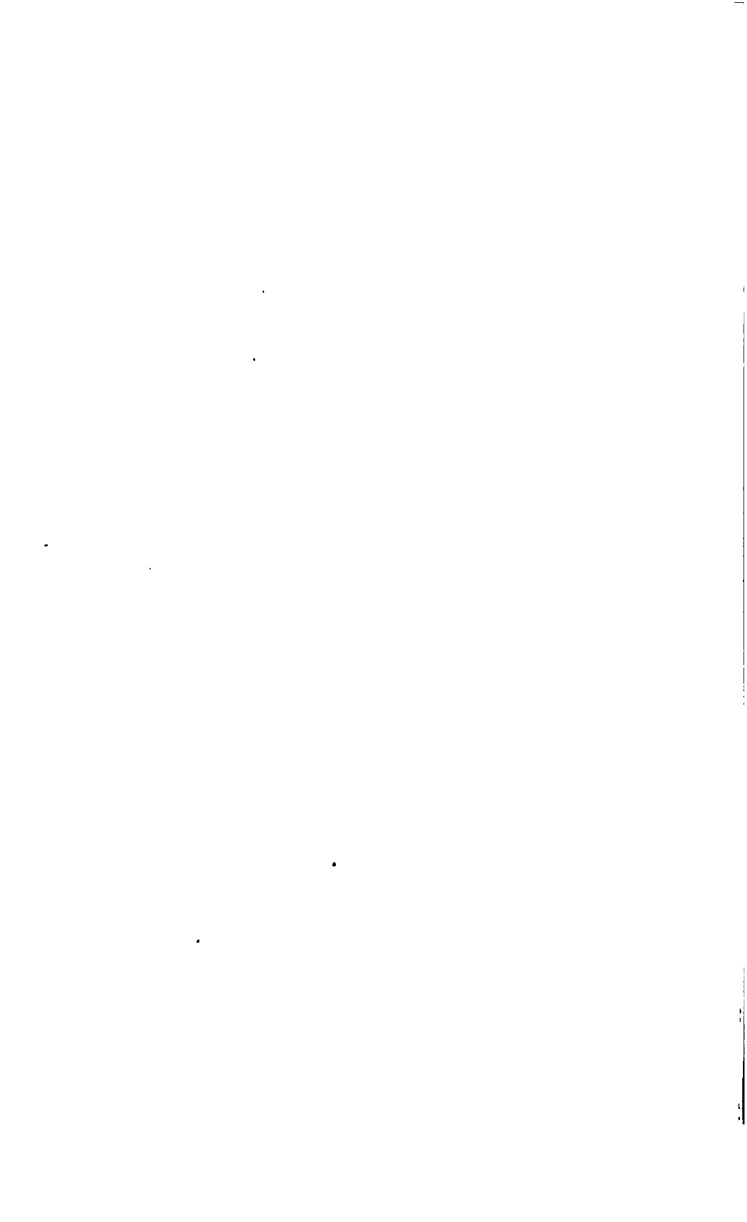
Class of 1898

OF CHICAGO









LOVE IN EPIGRAM



Uniform with this Volume.

WOMAN IN EPIGRAM:

*FLASHES OF WIT, WISDOM, AND SATIRE FROM
THE WORLD'S LITERATURE.*

MEN IN EPIGRAM:

*VIEWS OF MAIDS, WIVES, WIDOWS, AND OTHER
AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.*

COMPILED BY

FREDERICK W. MORTON.



°
LOVE IN EPIGRAM

**Sapient Guesses and Foolish Conceits
about the Tender Passion**

COMPILED BY

FREDERICK W. MORTON



CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY

1899

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✓



Alberta Sprague

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A. D. 1898

LOVE.

*There grew a little flower once,
That blossomed in a day,
And some said it would ever bloom,
And some 't would fade away ;
And some said it was Happiness,
And some said it was Spring,
And some said it was Grief and Tears,
And many such a thing ;
But still the little flower bloomed,
And still it lived and throve,
And men do call it "Summer Growth,"
But angels call it "Love !"*

THOMAS HOOD.

INTRODUCTORY.

NEXT to woman, its devoted tutor and inspirer, — loyal creature, how aptly has she applied her time and talent to her self-appointed task! — the heart has ever been the pet theme of dilettante and casuist since Adam and Eve broke rules in Eden and were punished for their misdemeanor by expulsion — hand in hand, be it noticed — from a garden without love to a world where love “rules the camp and court.”

The conjectures and vaporings of the ages hang nebulous about Nature’s quickener and regenerator. As regards the character and essence of love — people all know about its functions — poet and philosopher, moralist and *im*-moralist are alike befogged. Cupid, that sharp-sighted urchin whom unreasoning convention dooms to wear attire over his eyes only, alone seems able to see through

fancy's conceits and wisdom's saws to the grand passion beneath.

Poor little Cupid, how he has been petted, courted, cozened, denounced, vilified, excoriated! Yet he has not shown a single white feather since he first began his campaign. Others have quailed, weakened, deserted their posts; but he keeps right on at the old archery stand, as perennial and fresh as ever, his spirit having lost none of its pristine daring, and his arm none of its nerve and cunning.

Everybody thinks about love; most people try their hands at it; but, egotism aside, who knows anything about it? In the mythology of the tender passion the sex of the disturber even is in a muddle — there are gods and goddesses *ad libitum*. It seems to be chiefly those who do not love who ask what love is; the rest simply love, and agree that it is the greatest thing in the world.

When one emerges from the realm of feeling — it is rather odd, by the way, how akin the world is in the matter of feeling — into that of thought, one would imagine from the expressions of opinion one meets that the

idea of love was merely the dummy of convenience for the display of intellectual and rhetorical trimmings.

One thinker sees in the passion a divine command ; another traces it to nothing higher than physiology ; to one it is a progeny of heaven — celestial by birth ; to another a creature of Nature's alleys — of the earth earthy ; one finds it the chief business and end of existence, another an interlude between the acts ; one calls it the sublimated balm for all life's bruises, another dubs it a canker in the flesh ; Plato made it a spiritualized something he found it hard to define and harder to realize, and Richardson thought Platonic love Platonic nonsense, and preached the gospel of a more mundane and corporeal article ; De Musset, Meredith, Emerson, — but why tell the whole book in the preface ?

Vallombrosa was never more redundant of leaves than literature of opinions respecting love. Yet many of these must be taken with at least a grain of allowance. The views of bachelors and spinsters of mature years are notoriously unreliable : those of the former are apt to be jaundiced, and

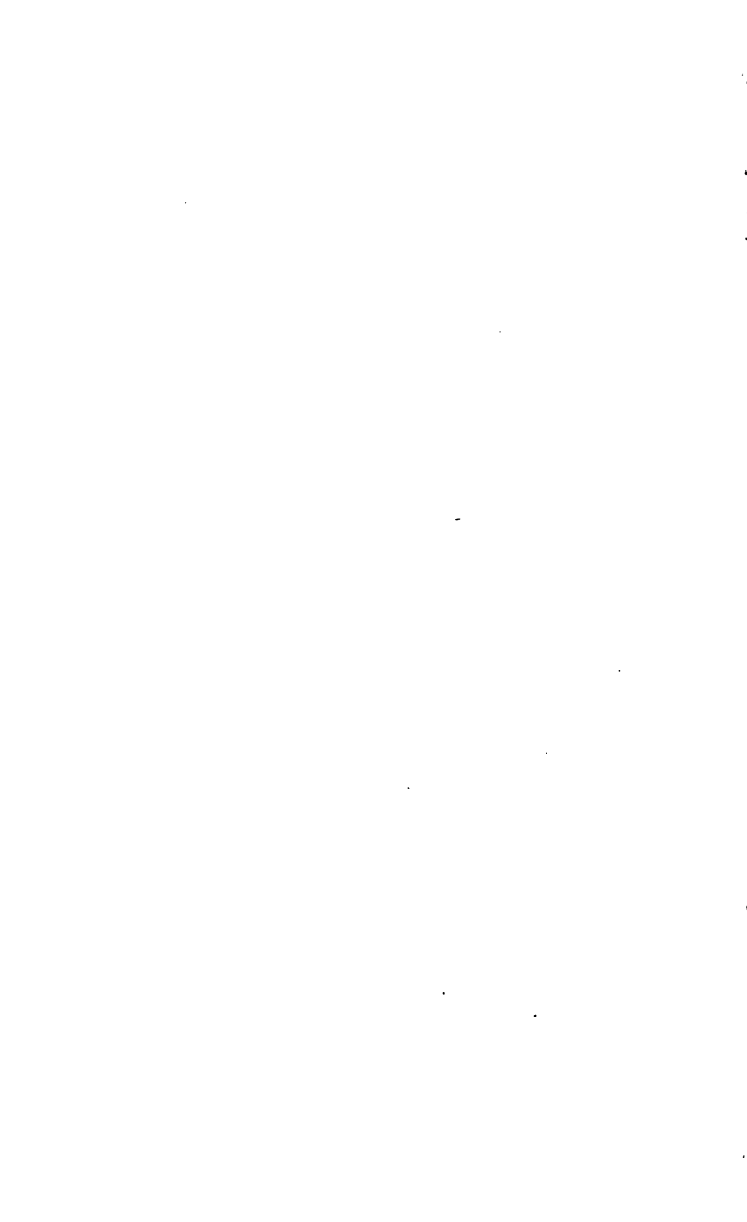
those of the latter embittered. Poor misguided bachelors ! poor unchosen spinsters ! The notions of tender maidens are pretty sure to be too roseate to wear ; they lack the corrective of experience. Provision should likewise be made in the case of most married people : one can never get behind the scenes, and all is not truth that benedicts and matrons indite. The compiler, however, gives the public his collection and leaves his readers to approve, condemn, or skip whatever they please.

This little volume completes the trilogy begun by the publication of "Woman in Epigram" and "Men in Epigram." Given men and women — conditions being favorable — and love is sure to follow. Why not the same of books ? This volume being designed as the companion and supplement of the former publications, the same form of treatment has been followed in every particular.

By this citation of authorities the compiler expects to convert nobody. The old maids and bachelors will keep right on chewing the cud of regret and cynicism. The new woman will still subordinate love

to bloomers. Wedded manhood will still sacrifice — or prefer — his club to his fire-side, and wedded womanhood will still rock — or hire a nurse girl to rock — the cradle. And — well, Cupid will keep on making vernal calls and Hymen autumnal reapings. Why should they not? The compiler would not have it otherwise.

F. W. M.



LOVE IN EPIGRAM.

I.

LOVE has grown so shy and retiring that he would rather not be addressed, or described, or photographed in type, for the benefit of the profane.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

SOLOMON'S heart changed about eight hundred times.

DAVID SWING.

AH, what wonderful privileges those Old Testament saints had!

"CUPID AND MARRIAGE CUSTOMS."

It is not Atlas who carries the world on his shoulders, but woman; and sometimes she plays with it as with a ball.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

LOVE is not love which alters when it alteration finds.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PSYCHE wedded to the Eternal Eros is needed to save us from the rising materialism and fatality, and to keep our sacred personality within the everlasting love.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

LOVE is a flame. . . . How a flame brightens up a man's habitation !

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

MARRIAGE is a romance until the book is open. True, the preface is sometimes amusing, but it never lasts long, and it is always deceptive.

A. POINCELOT.

THE affections of family are not the outgrowth of civilization.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

IN love matters it is not the fashion to fear God and keep his commandments, but to fear men and run the gauntlet.

CLAYTON BEMIS.

LOVE is everything ; love is the great fact. What matters the lover ? What matters the flagon, provided one has the intoxication ?

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

HE that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THERE is not a love, however violent it may be, to which ambition and interest do not add something. JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

LOVE ower het soon cools.

SCOTCH PROVERB.

LOVE's like virtue, its own reward.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

IF the deepest and best affections which God has given us sometimes brood over the heart like birds of peace, they sometimes suck out our blood like vampires.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

LOVE, well thou know'st, no partnership
allows ;

Cupid averse rejects divided vows.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

LOVE pleases more than marriage, for the reason that romance is more interesting than history.

SÉBASTIEN ROCHE NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

LOVE has made its best interpreter a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

To see her was to love her — love but
her, and love forever.

ROBERT BURNS.

LOVE is the most powerful of spells ; every other species of sorcery must yield to it. There is one power against which it is helpless. What is that? It is not fire, it is not water, it is not air, it is not the earth with all its metals ; it is time.

HEINRICH HEINE.

LOVE is a duel with pins. ANONYMOUS.

LOVE is alike the handmaid of the virtues and of the passions. WALLACE MAXWELL.

THE act alone shows the power of love.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

COURTSHIP consists in a number of quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood.

LAURENCE STERNE.

WHEN love's well-tim'd, 't is not a fault to love ;

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise

Sink in the soft captivity together.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

BIBLE.

To speak of love is to make love.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

Love likes not shallow mirth.

DR. WALTER SMITH.

LOVERS and madmen have such seething
brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PASSION is always suffering, even when
gratified.

MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

THE joys of Love, if they should ever last,
Without affliction or disquietness,
That worldly chances do among them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FOUR sweet lips, two pure souls, and one
undying affection, — these are love's pretty
ingredients for a kiss.

BOVEE.

COMPULSION hardly restores right; love
yields all things.

JANE PORTER.

THE affection of young ladies is of as rapid growth as Jack's beanstalk, and reaches up to the sky in a night.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WE own whom we love : the universe is God's because He loves.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How many have died without having given even one kiss to their chimera.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

AND what portion can be more blessed than with youth, and health, and strength, to be loved by a virtuous maid, and to love her with all one's heart?

R. D. BLACKMORE.

MARRIAGE is often the *dénouement* of comedies and novels ; tragedy is often the *dénouement* of marriage.

J. DE FINOD.

LOVE cannot stay at home ; a man cannot keep it to himself. Like light, it is constantly travelling. A man must spend it, must give it away.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

It is good to be moderately sane in love ; to be madly in love is not good.

T. MACCIUS PLAUTUS.

THE good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It is not true that love makes all things
easy ; it makes us choose what is difficult.

GEORGE ELIOT.

AMONG the uncultivated . . . violent love
for one chosen being is exceedingly rare.

MAX NORDAU.

In love prohibition acts as a charm. It is
a force the coquettes all know the value of.

WALLACE MAXWELL.

LOVE is an exile from the homes of avarice.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

It is a terrible thing to be obliged to love
by contract.

COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN.

I HAVE no words — alas ! — to tell
The loveliness of loving well !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AH, with how little attention one listens to
reason when the heart is touched by so
charming a poison ! And when the patient
loves his disease, how unwilling he is to allow
a remedy to be applied !

PIERRE CORNEILLE.

WHERE love and wisdom drink out of the same cup in this every-day world, it is the exception.

MADAME NECKER.

IF she is able to captivate a single one, she is deemed fortunate. Not every day can she have a new choice out in the wide field.

DAVID SWING.

WOMEN hope that the dead love may revive ; but men know that of all dead things none are so past recall as a dead passion.

OUIDA.

NOWADAYS, those who love nature are accused of being romantic.

SÉBASTIEN ROCHE NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

IN love, the virtuous woman says *no* ; the passionate says *yes* ; the capricious says *yes* and *no* ; the coquette says neither *yes* nor *no*.

T. L. HAINES.

LOVE me for what I am, not for sake
Of some imagined thing which I might be.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

AND still, when a pair of lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savors still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted.

THOMAS HOOD.

THOSE know little of real love or grief who do not know how much we deceive ourselves when we pretend to aim at the cure of either.

HENRY FIELDING.

As there is no love without desire, so there is none without hope.

ANONYMOUS.

It was the hangman's victims who revealed to us the mysteries of digestion ; and suicidal women those of physical love and generation.

JULES MICHELET.

To be loved is to receive the greatest of all compliments.

MADAME NECKER.

THERE are women who love their husbands as blindly, as enthusiastically, and as enigmatically as nuns their cloister.

MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

Two things create love, perfection and usefulness, to which answer, on our part, admiration and desire ; and both these are centred in love.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THERE comes a time when the souls of human beings, women more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they are made to breathe.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It seems to me that the coming of love is like the coming of spring: the date is not to be reckoned by the calendar.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

WHATSOEVER pleaseth the eye and the fancye is beautifull, whatsoever we think beautifull we desire to enjoy, and that desire is love.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Love in old clothes is apt to be out at the heel.

PHILIP MORISON.

BEAUTY is the handmaid of Cupid, for she who is born beautiful is born married.

MADAME LE STRANGE.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG all the many kinds of first love, that which begins in childish companionship is the strongest and most enduring ; when passion comes to unite its force to long affection, love is at its springtide.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WHERE there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE for love is all the reward we expect
or desire. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE worst effect of gold—love, alas ! is
bought and sold. ANACREON.

LOVE is quickly learned by a noble heart.
DANTE ALIGHIERI.

FIRST TAP AT VENUS'S PORTALS.

THE pure absurdity of tendering sage and icy precepts to blissful lovers, ardent, obstinate, and distracted ! “Love,” only allowable on the definite understanding that it shall play second fiddle in Life’s jig, shall be tractable as volatile soda water in a siphoned bottle, be turned on for hours of divine relaxation and Hesperian joy, and then—presto ! the long-lingering farewell whispered—be turned off and close-closeted, like a distracting holiday-suit, till the next happy meeting laid down on our moral chart ! We almost hear the derisive laughter of the sore-infatuated, their hearty anathemas on the crabbed essayist who dared to assert that history teaches us that its great men either dispensed with love as a dangerous encum-

brance, or drove Dan Cupid, vainly shying and curvetting, the curb tightly set in his mischievous dimpled mouth. What a marvellous freshness, what a witching novelty Love presents to those whose time has come to wear the silken trammels, to put on a suit of bravery for his bustling court, to play fearlessly with the sirens on an enchanted sea, the hidden sands and rocks of which would affright them with tales of storm and wreck. Spite of the world's calendar of legend, verse, and story (a voluminous collection of the daintiest state-papers), the youth and maiden of our century (a most materialistic age, say our legion of censors) enter the portals of Venus's rosy temple, eager as young dreamers of antiquity for initiation into the Eleusinian rites of the attractive goddess. They'll listen to no sad ditties, will suffer no homilies, precedents, or warnings, outside the perfumed Arcady they must and will — are *fated* indeed to enter. Æneas and Dido, Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, the tenderest tales of Eld, or the newest, nearest drama of our times, are but so many incentives to an overwhelming desire to taste the ecstatic pleasures of the nectar cup, to dare

the pains and penalties, to hope for the prizes or risk the blanks in the splendid lottery of "*la grande passion*." Life has been tersely described as landmarked by birth, marriage, and death. Whoever set up these momentous signposts would have shown better taste at any rate by labelling the middle scarecrow "Love," seeing that marriage, viewed philosophically (if that be possible), is, all said and done, only a recondite, clever, social form, working on the whole admirably, threatened by no newfangled substitute, but, after all, only a form, as, according to the "eternal fitness of things" (or infernal unfitness of things), we are ruled more by forms than anything else.

EDWARD ROSCOP.

II.

LOVERS are angry, reconciled, entreat,
thank, appoint, and finally speak all things
by their eyes. MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

AN Italian woman does not believe she is
loved by her lover unless he is capable of
committing a crime for her, an English-
woman an extravagance, and a French-
woman a folly.

SÉBASTIEN ROCHE NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

LOVE took up the harp of life and smote on
all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
passed in music out of sight.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LIKE an anchorite gives over
This world for the heav'n of a lover.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

X LOVE is of all the passions the strongest,
for it attacks simultaneously the head, the
heart, and the senses.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

CUPID should rank with Pandora. Curiosity led her to open the box of human ills and let them escape; malice led him to filch a little hell-fire to make mundane affairs interesting.

WALLACE MAXWELL.

WITH thee all toils are sweet; each clime
hath charms;

Earth—sea alike—our world within our
arms!

LORD BYRON.

LOVE dies of satiety and is buried in oblivion.

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

LOVE is the only good in the world.
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with much cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

It was Love who invented music.

VIREY.

WHAT of us lives in the heart of others is
our truest and deepest self.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER.

How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear !
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee anear ?

JEAN INGELOW.

THE understanding's copper coin counts
not with the gold of love. HAFIZ.

LOVE surrenders ; it does not take away.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

THE only gods whom we adore
Are glory, vengeance, love.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

LOVERS are apt to see through their eyes,
but the safest way is to see through their
ears. Who was it that said, "Speak, that
I may see you" ?

LAURENCE STERNE.

LOVE and death are the two great hinges
on which all human sympathies turn.

B. R. HAYDON.

HANG up love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

ANONYMOUS.

IT would seem sometimes as if men
avoided women, when not fervidly in love
with them.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

PAINS of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

JOHN DRYDEN.

IT is the passion that is in a kiss that gives
to it its sweetness ; it is the affection in a
kiss that sanctifies it.

BOVEE.

OFT in hearts which fortune spurns
Love, the vital essence, burns.

M. E. JERSEY.

AND love, life's fine centre, includes heart
and mind.

OWEN MEREDITH.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song ;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold ;
Love that lasteth till 't is old,
Fadeth not in haste.

OLD BALLAD.

LOVE yet lives and patience shall find rest.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE only love of my life was — I, myself.

EPITAPH.

CUPID is ever a rogue, and whoever trusts him is deceived.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LOVE is like the rose : so sweet that one always tries to gather it in spite of the thorns.

ANONYMOUS.

It is a curious fact that heart, Hymen, home, heaven, and hades all begin with the aspirate *h*.

GRACE ELLERY.

O LOVE, you were my crown. No other crown

Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.

GEORGE ELIOT.

ENDLESS torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live and live without thee?

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE first awakening of love in true and gentle natures is a psychological moment of the utmost importance. The spiritual life of a man has not unfrequently started from this point.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

LOVE is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHO has loved well will never seek the
loved one's ill. CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

PASSION is universal history. Without it
religion, history, romance, art, would be
worthless. HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

THE quality of the mundane angels men
woo in their waking hours will visit them in
their sleep. ARTHUR STANWOOD.

THE might of one fair face sublimed my
love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low
desires. MICHAEL ANGELO.

FOR lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight
See more than other eyes can see.
EDMUND SPENSER.

LOVE's fire, if it once go out, is hard to
kindle. GERMAN PROVERB.

LOVE is a severe critic. Hate can pardon
more than love. They who aspire to live
worthily subject themselves to an ordeal
more rigid than any other.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

To love is only in the power of the wise.
EPICTETUS.

CONFESSED love is consumptive and already a fit subject for the doctor.

MADAME LE STRANGE.

LOVE, like fire, cannot subsist without continual motion, and ceases to exist as soon as it ceases to hope and fear.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

LOVE is an alliance of friendship and animalism: if the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined; if the latter, gross and sensual.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

COLOR is the type of love. Hence it is especially connected with the blossoming of the earth.

JOHN RUSKIN.

PRAY, how comes Love?

It comes unsought, unsent.

Pray, how goes Love?

That was not love that went.

OLD SONG.

To guide scoundrels by love is a method that will not hold together; hardly for the flower of men will love do; and for the sediment and scoundrelism of them it has not even a chance to do.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

LOVE is the art of heart and the heart of
art.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

LOVE is ever the golden ladder whereby
the heart ascends to heaven.

EMANUEL VON GEIBEL.

THERE are some passions so sweet that
they excuse all the follies they provoke.

ROCHEBRUNE.

LOVE is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is
spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THEY say "love is blind," but I know a
lover in New Jersey who can see a great deal
more beauty in his sweetheart than I can.

MELVILLE D. LANDON.

IF Passion drives, let Reason hold the Reins.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

LOVE was bestowed on the world by God,
in order to train the soul for God.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

To love, or not to love, is not left to our
will.

PIERRE CORNEILLE.

LOVE is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LOVE and religion are both stronger than friendship.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

WE love the virtues, but we do not fall in love with them. They confirm and nurture love, but after middle age they do not give it birth.

A. S. HARDY.

LOVE is the most terrible, and also the most generous, of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dream the happiness of some one else.

ALPHONSE KARR.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy?

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.

BEN JONSON.

STIMULATE the heart to love and the mind to be early accurate, and all other virtues will rise of their own accord, and all vices will be thrown out.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LOVE preaches the gospel of hero-worship.

WALLACE MAXWELL.

IF thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbor,
in vain thou professest thy love to God.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

LOVE's voice doth sing as sweetly in a
beggar as a king.

THOMAS DECKER.

WITH true love there is trust.

RÉGNIER.

HAPPY love counts lost moments.

DENIS DIDEROT.

O VENUS, hail ! all hail, immortal Queen !
Thou reign'st unbounded o'er the human
scene.

HENRY GEORGE BOHN.

A MOTHER alone knows what it is to love
and be happy.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

LIFE is a dreary waste ; to beguile the
ennui of the journey across it, heaven gave
us the kiss.

S. MARÉCHAL.

LOVE you none ? Then you are lost to
Love.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

DEGRADATION OF LOVE.

IN order to prevent as much as possible
the degradation of love into a mere pastime,

and to proclaim most emphatically its sublime purpose, the preservation of the race, society from its very beginnings has only recognized as honorable and distinguished by its respect those relations between man and woman whose earnestness has stood the test of a public ceremony. It disapproves of those which have refused to submit to this formality, and punishes them with avoidance or material penalties. In our civilization, as well as in its state of primitive development, the impulse for procreation must summon society to be a witness to its gratification and place itself under its protection, or else it sinks into a contemptible and criminal vice. To-day, as much as ever before, marriage is the only kind of union between man and woman countenanced by the community. But what have the lies of our civilization made out of marriage? It has become a mutual agreement in which there is no more room for love than in the partnership contracts of two capitalists entering upon some new business enterprise together. The pretext for marriage is still, as ever, the preservation of the species, its theoretical presupposition is still the mutual

attraction of two individuals of opposite sexes ; but in reality a marriage is contracted, not in the interests of the future generation, but solely with regard to the personal interests of the contracting parties. The consecration of morality and anthropological justification are utterly lacking in the modern marriage, especially among the so-called better classes. Marriage ought to be the victory of altruism, but it is the victory of egotism. The contracting parties do not wish nor expect to live in and for each other in the new relationship, but to carry on a more comfortable and irresponsible single existence. They get married to have their combined fortunes make life more agreeable, to provide themselves with a pleasanter home, to secure and maintain social prestige, to satisfy their vanity, and to enter upon the privileges and enjoyments which society refuses to a single woman and concedes to the married one. In contracting a marriage everything is thought of: the drawing-room and the kitchen, the promenade and the watering-place, the dancing-hall and the dining-room. One thing only is forgotten, the most essential of all: the sleeping-

room, that sacred place, from whence the future of the family, of the race and of humanity, should dawn upon the world. Decay and ruin must be the destiny of those peoples in whose marriage the selfishness of the contracting parties celebrates its victory, while the child is an unwished-for, in the most favorable case, an indifferent accident, a resulting consequence not easily to be avoided, but always of secondary importance.

MAX NORDAU.

III.

A HEART full of coldness, a sweet full of
Bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness,
Which maketh thoughts have eyes, and
 hearts ears ; bred
By desire, nurs'd by delight, wean'd by
 jealousy,
Kill'd by dissembling, buried by
Ingratitude ; — and this is love.

WILLIAM LILLY.

How would that excellent mystery, wedded
life, irradiate the world with its blessed in-
fluences, were the generous impulses and
sentiments of courtship but perpetuated in
all their exuberant fulness during the sequel
of marriage !

FREDERICK SAUNDERS.

LOVE is a bird of passage that women
await with curiosity in youth ; retain with
pleasure in maturer years ; and allow to
escape with regret when old age creeps on
them.

ANTOINE RICARD.

CORPOREAL charms may indeed gain admirers, but there must be mental ones to retain them.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

YOUNG love is a deceitful child,
My mother says to me,
Although his aspect is so mild,
A very snake is he.

STANISLAS DE BOUFFLERS.

THE loveliest love is that which dreams high above all storms, unsoiled by all burdens; but perhaps the strongest love is that which, whilst it adores, drags its feet through the mire, and burns its brow in the heat for the thing beloved.

OUIDA.

THE birth of love is the illusion born of the senses.

MADAME LE STRANGE.

LOVE is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward.

RALPH WALDO. EMERSON.

FIE, fond Desire, think you that Love wants glory,
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
The hopes and fears of lust may make men
sorry,

But Love still in herself finds her delight.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

LOVE rules his kingdom without a sword.

PROVERB.

A MAN may be a miser of his wealth ; he may tie up his talent in a napkin ; he may hug himself in his reputation ; but he is always generous in his love.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

LOVE 's of a strangely open, simple kind,
And thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TAKE away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world, would be palsied.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NOTHING quickens the perceptions like genuine love. HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

THERE is nothing in love but what we imagine.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

THE loves that make memory happy and home beautiful are those that form the sunlight of our earliest consciousness.

L. W. YAGGY.

IN love, which is the best rewarded,—
respect or certain offences?

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

LOVE is better known by liberality than
by jealousy.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

THERE is a gloom in deep love as in deep
water ; there is a silence in it that suspends
the foot ; and the folded arms and dejected
head are the images it reflects.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IT is an observation founded on much
experience that all persons are doomed to
be in love once in their lives.

HENRY FIELDING.

TRUE love is the parent of a noble
humility.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

LOVE laughs at locksmiths.

PROVERB.

WHAT we call love had been exhausted,
and there we stood face to face in our
true natural relations : two egotists, perfect
strangers to each other.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

IT is vain to try to conceal one's self.
The most discreet love allows its secret to
escape by some slight token.

JEAN RACINE.

IN love, as in war, a fortress that parleys
is half taken.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

Love springs to love, and knows at once his friends.

The man who hates must cast contentment forth ;

Who has not worth or friends is nothing worth.

ALAIN CHARTIER.

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,
School'd only by his mother's tender eye ;
What wonder then, if he his lesson miss ?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Love is an affair of credulity.

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

THE magic power of love consists in its ennobling whatever its breath touches, like the sun, whose golden ray transmutes even thunderclouds into gold.

FRANZ GRILLPARZER.

MARRIAGE is no legitimate excuse against love.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

To love is the least of the faults of a loving woman.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Love is a local anguish — I am fifty miles distant, and am not half so miserable.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A FLOWER cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live without love.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

WHEN the gentleman begins to joke and toy with his angel-faced and handsome handmaid, it should not surprise if she order like a master, and he bear the burthen of coquetry like a bondswoman.

SHAIKH SADI.

Love refines
The thoughts and heart enlarges ; hath his
seat

In reason, and is judicious : is the scale
By which to Heavenly love thou mayst
ascend !

JOHN MILTON.

Love is a personal debt.

GEORGE HERBERT.

DESIRE, be steady ; hope is your delight,
An orb wherein no creature can be sorry ;
Love being placed above these middle
regions,

Where every passion wars itself with legions.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

FOR Truth makes holy Love's illusive dreams,
And their best promise constantly redeems.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

THE affections are like lightning: you cannot tell where they will strike until they have fallen.

J. B. H. LACORDAIRE.

IF I should ever love, an angel's love be mine,

And in the mind endure ;

Love is a son of Heaven, nor will he e'er combine

With elements less pure.

M. D'HUXATTIME.

IT is possible that a man can be so changed by love that one could not recognize him to be the same person.

P. TERENCE APER.

A MAN who does not love sincerely sets his face against the distinguishing mark between a friend and a flatterer.

ALAIN RENÉ LESAGE.

CUPID is cruel as war and hungry as a tramp.

FREDERICK WOLTMANN.

THE more angels the more room, is the language not merely of Swedenborg, but of all lovers.

WALTER HARCOURT.

MAN's heart eats all things and is hungry still.

EDWARD YOUNG.

LOVE's sweetest meanings are unspoken ;
the full heart knows no rhetoric of words,
and resorts to the pantomime of sighs and
glances.

BOVEE.

WHAT deserves the name of Love is given
a glorious temple on the weary road of life.

EDWARD ROSCOE.

LOVE is alike the creed and habit of saints
and sinners — especially the latter.

MRS. JAMES CLARKE.

IF there be one thing pure, where all be-
side is sullied, and that can endure when
all else passes away, — if aught surpassing
human deed, or word, or thought, — it is a
mother's love.

SPADARA.

THOUGH love is such an eternal passion,
there is no passion less sympathized with by
others who are free from its influence.

B. R. HAYDON.

LOVE is the only ink that does not fade.

JOSEPH PARKER.

WE are placed on earth with Nature as
our tempter ; then we are blamed for loving
and sinning.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

EQUALITY is no rule in love's grammar.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

As every lord giveth a certain livery to his
servants, love is the very livery of Christ.

BISHOP LATIMER.

WE attract hearts by the qualities we display;
we retain them by the qualities we possess.

SUARD.

LOOKS kill love, and love by looks reviveth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE in a hut with water and a crust,
Is — Love forgive us ! cinders, ashes, dust.

JOHN KEATS.

LOVE is life's end,—an end but never
ending.

.

Love is life's wealth, ne'er spent but ever
spending.

.

Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding.

EDMUND SPENSER.

LET us love ! let us enjoy the fugitive
hour ! Man has no harbor, time no shores ;
it runs and we pass.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

LOVE could give Fortuna points and then
beat her at her own game.

GRACE ELLERY.

LOVE is not blind ; it is an extra eye,
which shows us what is most worthy of
regard.

J. M. BARRIE.

LOVE not only has rights, but is always
right.

MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

LOVE is just another name for the inscrut-
able presence by which the soul is connected
with humanity.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

LOVE prefers twilight to day.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It is in love as in war, we are often more
indebted for success to the weakness of the
defence than to the energy of the attack ;
for mere idleness has ruined more women
than passion ; vanity more than idleness ;
and credulity more than either.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

LOVE without marriage is like a bird of
passage who seats himself upon a mast which
itself moves along.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

I've heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold —
His eyes are in his mind.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LOVE is a canvas furnished by Nature and
embroidered by imagination.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

A NEW love makes an old one depart.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

LOVE various minds does variously inspire ;
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid ;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade :
A fire which every windy passion blows ;
With pride it mounts and with revenge it
glows.

JOHN DRYDEN.

LOVE A THING OF CHANGE.

BUT this dream of love, though beautiful,
is only one scene in our play. In the pro-
cession of the soul from within outward, it
enlarges its circles ever, like the pebble
thrown into the pond, or the light proceed-
ing from an orb. . . . Thus even love, which

is the deification of persons, must become more impersonal every day. Of this, at first, it gives no hint. Little think the youth and maiden who are glancing at each other across crowded rooms, with eyes so full of mutual intelligence, of the precious fruit long hereafter to proceed from this new, quite external stimulus. The work of vegetation begins first in the irritability of the bark and leaf buds. From exchanging glances, they advance to acts of courtesy or gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth and marriage. Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit. . . . Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars to make the heavens fine. Love, with this pair, has no other aim, asks no more, than Juliet, — than Romeo. Night, day, studies, talents, kingdoms, religion, are all contained in this form full of soul, in this soul which is all form. The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regard. When alone, they solace themselves with the remembered image of the other. Does that other see the same star, the same melting cloud, read the same book, feel the same emotion, that now de-

lights me? . . . The world rolls on; the circumstances vary every hour. The angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows, and the gnomes and vices also. By all the virtues they are united. If there be virtue, all the vices are known as such; they confess and flee. Their once flaming regard is sobered by time in either breast, and, losing in violence what it gains in extent, it becomes a thoroughly good understanding. They resign each other without complaint to the good offices which man and woman are severally appointed to discharge in time, and exchange the passion which once could not lose sight of its object for a cheerful disengaged furtherance, whether present or absent, of each other's designs. At last they discover that all which at first drew them together—those sacred features, that magical play of charms—was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart from year to year is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. . . . Thus we are put in training for a love

which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. We are by nature observers and thereby learners. That is our permanent state, but we are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night. Though slowly and with pain, the objects of the affections change, as the objects of thought do.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IV.

A SECOND marriage is the triumph of hope
over experience.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LOVE has compensations that friendship
has not.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

LOVE is like a charming romance which
is read with avidity, and often with such im-
patience that many pages are skipped to
reach the *dénouement* sooner.

SYLVAIN MARÉCHAL.

THE crown of these
Is made of love and friendship, and sets high
Upon the forehead of humanity.

JOHN KEATS.

MORALISTS and general students of nature
have passed by in silence that tumult of the
heart which in youth writes love letters,
sends gifts of flowers, quotes much poetry,
. . . and which sings and laughs and sighs
until the end is reached in a suicide or a
wedding.

DAVID SWING.

TRUE love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease —
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

It is a mighty recreation to be dying of
love.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE ends with hope: the sinking states-
man's door

Pours in the morning worshipper no more.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LOVE is the lodestone of love.

MRS. F. S. L. OSGOOD.

TAKE away love and what becomes of the
world? It is a barren wilderness.

L. W. YAGGY.

WHAT is love? 'Tis not the kiss on har-
lot lips — such bliss doth perish even while
cherished. He only is blest in true love
who loves for years and loves but one.

LEIGH HUNT.

THERE is but one kind of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

To make love only when signing the marriage certificate, is to take romance by the tail.

J. B. POQUELIN MOLIERE.

LOVE must owe its origin to love.

MRS. A. L. A. BARBAULD.

FOR money has a power above
The stars and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE feeling which solves all the contradictions of human life, and gives the greatest possible happiness to man, these men know. This feeling is love.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

LOVE's athletics begin in heart-beats and osculation, and end the goodness knows where.

PHILIP MORISON.

WE love — if one may judge for himself over his cigar — gentleness, beauty, refinement, generosity, and intelligence, — and, far above these, a returning love, made up of all these qualities.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IN love affairs the nearest is the dearest.

SAMUEL GRAVES.

It is time to declare with all the force of the imagination and the charm of beautiful art that love is a serious interest of life, and not merely a play of fancy or a device of diplomacy.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

ALEXANDER, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded empires; but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love; and to this very day millions would die for Him.

NAPOLÉON I.

LOVE, — a Highland plaid; all stuff, and very often full of crosses.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

MIGHTIER far

Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic, potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble
woman's breast.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LOVE, like death, a universal leveller of mankind.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

LOVE follows no measure of time ; it buds
and blossoms and ripens in one happy hour.

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

WHEN a man loves a woman, it is of
nature ; when a woman loves a woman, it is
of grace, — the grace that woman makes by
her loveliness.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

To love is to place our happiness in the
happiness of another.

GOTTLIEB WILHELM VON LEIBNITZ.

LOVE is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again.

WILLIAM WALSH.

THE maid that loves goes out to sea upon
a shattered plank, and puts her trust in mira-
cles for safety.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THERE is an English song beginning,
“Love knocks at the door.” He knocks
less often than he finds it open.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

THE happiness of love is in action ; its
test is what one is willing to do for others.

LEW WALLACE.

TRUE love is that which ennobles the personality, fortifies the heart, and sanctifies existence.

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

WHERE love has once obtained influence, any seasoning, I believe, will please.

T. MACCIUS PLAUTUS.

HE who determines to love only those who are faultless will soon find himself alone.

VIHISCHTI.

IT is loving too much to die of love.

FRENCH PROVERB.

LOVE seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

WORDS of love are works of love.

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

TELL me, dearest, what is love?

'T is a lightning from above ;

'T is an arrow ; 't is a fire ;

'T is a boy they call Desire.

'T is a grave

Gapes to have

Those poor fools that long to prove.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Love will obtain and possess ; friendship
makes sacrifices, but asks nothing.

EMANUEL VON GRIEDEL.

ONE half, the finest half of life, is hidden
from the man who does not love with
passion.

MARIE HENRI BEYLE.

To love and to be loved is the greatest
happiness of existence.

SYDNEY SMITH.

PERCHANCE Cupid 's forging a fetter

To tie us together some day,

And, just for the chance, we had better

Be laying up love, I should say.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

A LITTLE danger sharpens the pleasure of
love.

FREDERICK WOLTMANN.

MAN, while he loves, is never quite de-
praved.

CHARLES LAMB.

LOVE is one of the few things in life that
riches cannot acquire.

DR. HENRY EARLE.

LOVE is the master-key that opens every
ward of the heart of man.

J. H. EVANS.

LOVE is the bond which never corrodes.

JOSEPH PARKER.

TRUE love, then, becomes possible only on the renunciation of happiness for the animal personality.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

LOVE is mightier than imagination.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE soul that is grateful to mammon is not over-ready to be grateful for intensity of love.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

NOTHING more excites to all that is noble and generous than virtuous love.

HENRY HOME.

IN matters of love and appetite beware of surfeits. Nothing contributes so much to the duration of either as moderation in their gratification.

BOVEE.

LOVE is the citizen ruler of a flourishing republic; egotism is a despot in a devastated creation. Egotism sows for gratitude; love for the ungrateful. Love gives; egotism lends.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

LOVE is the sweetest and best of moralists.

ANONYMOUS.

The smile that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more.

THOMAS HOOD.

It may sound very shocking, yet I must say it : we can even love several individuals at the same time, with nearly equal tenderness, and we need not lie when we assure each one of our passion.

MAX NORDAU.

We *do* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the young, the beautiful, the strong, and the healthy ; we do *not* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble, and the sickly.

GRANT ALLEN.

Love indeed is light from heaven ;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given
To lift from earth our low desire.

LORD BYRON.

He that hath known to change
Ne'er knew to love.

JOHN GAY.

WOMEN judge of men by the capacity they think they have of loving. An emotional runt has no show in female circles.

ARTHUR STANWOOD.

In my system of love, every milestone that marks my progress from Clarinda awakens a keener pang of attachment to her.

ROBERT BURNS.

LOVE needs new leaves every summer of life as much as your elm-tree, and new branches to grow broader and wider, and new flowers to cover the ground.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

ALL true love is grounded on esteem.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LOVE is the rosy cloud in the morning of life; and if it does too often resolve itself into the shower, yet, to my mind, it only makes our nature more fruitful in what is excellent and amiable.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LOVE keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and raiment.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE heart that had never loved was the first atheist.

LOUIS SÉBASTIEN MERCIER.

LOVE not! love not! the thing you love will change:

The rosy lips will cease to smile on you,
The kindly, beaming eye grow cold and strange,

The heart will warmly beat, and not for you.

MRS. C. E. S. S. NORTON.

'Tis sweet to love in childhood, when the
souls that we bequeath
Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we
wreathe. ELIZA COOK.

LOVE converts the hut into a palace of
gold. LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HÖLTY.

IN love, in delirium.
P. TERENTIUS AFER.

LOVE, love alone, is faithful to its grief;
Not even time can teach it to forget.
ÉVARISTE DE PARNY.

LOVE ! Love ! when thou gettest hold of us,
we may safely say, Adieu, prudence.
JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

LOVE, which is the essence of God, is not
for levity, but for the total worth of man.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HE alone knows what love is who loves
without hope. FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

AND yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred ;
O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred ;
Music is Love in search of a word.
SIDNEY LANIER.

WE sit in love, and smile to see
The things that we have made each other.

JOHN RUSKIN.

WHO drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Loveth downward and not up.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LOVE IN OLD ENGLISH.

Y^e worste of my ailment is this, y^t it groweth not Less with much nursinge, but is like to those fevres w^{ch} y^e leeches Starve, 't is saide, for that y^e more Bloode there be in y^e Sicke man's Bodie, y^e more foode is there for y^e Distemper to feede upon. — And it is moste fittinge y^t I come backe to y^s my Journall (wherein I have not writt a Lyne these manye months) on y^e 1st of Aprile, being in some Sort myne owne foole and y^e foole of Love, and a poore Butt on whome his hearte hath play'd a Sorry tricke. — For it is surelie a strange happeninge, that I, who am ofte accompted a man of y^e Worlde, (as y^e Phrase goes,) sholde be soe Overtaken and caste downe lyke a Schoole-boy or a Countrie Bumpkin, by a meere Mayde, & sholde set to Groaninge and Sighinge, &, for that She

will not have me Sighe to Her, to Groaninge and Sighinge on paper, w^{ch} is y^e greter Foolishnesse in Me, y^t some one maye reade it Here-after, who hath taken his dose of y^e same Physicke, and made no Wrye faces over it; in w^{ch} case I doubt I shall be much laugh'd at. — Yet soe much am I a foole, and soe enamour'd of my Foolishnesse, y^t I have a sorte of Shamefull Joye in tellinge, even to my Journall, y^t I am mightie deepe in Love withe y^e Yonge Daughter of Mistresse Ffrench, and all maye knowe what an Angell is y^e Daughter, since I have chose M^{rs} Ffrench for my Mother in Lawe. — (Though she will have none of my choosinge.) . . . This muche I have learnt, y^t Fraunce destilles not, nor y^e Indies growe not, y^e Remedie for my Aile. — For when I 1st became sensible of y^e folly of my Suite, I tooke to drynkinge & smoakinge, thinkinge to cure my minde, but all I got was a head ache, for fellowe to my Hearte ache. — A sorrie Payre! — I then made Shifte, for a while, withe a Bicycle, but breakinge of Bones mendes no breakinge of Heartes, and 60 myles a Daye bringes me no nearer to a Weddinge. — . . . I and my Foolishnesse, we

laye Awake last night till y^e Sunrise gun, wh.
was Shott att 4½ o'ck, & wh. beinge hearde in
y^t stillnesse fm. an Incredible Distance,
seem'd lyke as 'twere a Full Stopp, or
Period putt to y^{is} Wakinge Dreminge, wh^{at}
I did turne a newe Leafe in my Counsell,
and after much Meditation, have commenc'd
a newe Chapter, wh. I hope maye leade to a
better Conclusion, than them y^t came afore.
— For I am now resolv'd, & havinge begunn
wil carry to an Ende, y^t if I maie not over-
come my Passion, I maye at y^e least over-
com y^e Melanchollie, & Spleene, borne y^{of},
& beinge a Lover, be none y^e lesse a Man. —
To wh. Ende I have come to y^{is} Resolution,
to depart fm. y^e Towne.¹

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

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V.

LOVE without desire is a delusion ; it does not exist in nature.

NINON DE LENCLOS.

THE greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather loved in spite of ourselves.

VICTOR HUGO.

VERY pretty books have been written on the loves of the angels, and loves of the poets, and Love Universal ; but when lovers are once caged and paired together in holy matrimony, the curtain is dropped and we hear no more of them. It may be they moult their feathers and lose their song.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNEY.

LOVE accomplishes all things.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

THERE is no dozing off again after once awakening from "love's young dream."

ANONYMOUS.

HE cannot be said to love a woman that would buy his owne pleasure with hir deshonour or crime ; he only loves himself.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

How shall I do to love? Believe. How shall I do to believe? Love.

LORD LEIGHTON.

WHEN we combat that which we love, sooner or later we succumb.

PIERRE CARLET DE MARIVAUD.

LOVE, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

A LOVE large as life, deep and changeless as death.

OWEN MEREDITH.

LOVE, unbridled by conscience, runs to concupiscence and sorrow.

DR. JOHN BRADFORD.

WHOEVER may desire fully to understand the folly of mankind has only to consider the causes and the effects of love.

BLAISE PASCAL.

CUPID and Hymen were both born without a conscience.

SAMUEL GRAVES.

A SHORT absence quickens love ; a long
absence kills it.

GABRIEL HONORÉ RIQUETTI DE MIRABEAU.

IF music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE is Nature's Monte Cristo — "The
world is mine ! "

MADAME LE STRANGE.

PAY the debts of love, if you have to stand
off your washerwoman.

M. FREDERICKS.

LET those love now who never loved before,
Let those who never loved now love the
more.

THOMAS PARNELL.

THERE are different kinds of love, but they
have all the same aim, — possession.

L. V. N. ROQUEPLAN.

I CAN imagine none but the most moder-
ate satisfaction in continuing to love what
has got no ember of love within it.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

LOVE is a kind of warfare.

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

LOVE, — a grave mental disease.

PLATO.

THE loves of some people are but the result of good suppers.

SÉBASTIEN ROCHE NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

LOVE is a spirit all compact as fire ;
Not gross to sink, but light and will aspire.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Too often love does appear to have its money price, and beauty seems willing to be bought when a plain gold ring is at the top of the golden pile.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

LOVE exhausts itself in the effort to reach its aim, and in the accomplishment of its purpose.

MAX NORDAU.

WHILST allowing that love is a feeling which, to some extent, cannot be toned down to the cold calculations of reason, it is one of which reason should always be the attendant.

MRS. JAMES CLARKE.

COMMON as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"WHOM the gods love die young," was
said of yore. LORD BYRON.

PASSION may be blind, but to say that
love is, is a libel and a lie. Nothing is more
sharp-sighted or sensitive than true love.

W. H. DAVIS.

IN vain I call my pride to aid,
In vain my reason's power would try,
By love, a very infant made,
I yield me to his witchery.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.

It is passion that does and undoes every-
thing.

BERNARD LE BOVIER DE FONTENELLE.

KNOWLEDGE is the parent of love ; Wis-
dom love itself. J. C. HARE.

MORTAL, if thou art beloved,
Life's offences are removed ;
All the fateful things that checked thee
Hearten, hallow, and protect thee.

MICHAEL FIELD.

LOVE, — sentimental measles.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

POSSESSION makes tyrants of some men
whom desire makes slaves.

SIMON DE BIGINCOURT.

GENUINE love, however rated as the chief passion of the human heart, is but a poor dependent, a retainer upon other passions, — ambition, gratitude, respect, esteem, pride, in the object.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

BETTER to have never loved than to have loved unhappily, or to have *half* loved.

MADAME LOUISE COLET.

LOVE is a debt which inclination always pays, obligation never.

BLAISE PASCAL.

OH, chains so delicious ! why could I not bear

Those bonds which 't is joy, 't is enchantment to wear ?

JEAN BERTAUT.

AND then again I have been told
Love wounds with heat as Death with cold ;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

BEN JONSON.

ON me she now bestows her grace,
Love 's not enough, she will adore ;
Now lets another take my place,
And vows she ne'er saw me before.

JEAN DESMARETS.

THE choicest thing this world has for a man is affection. JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

PITY is the last consecration of love ; is, perhaps, love itself. HEINRICH HEINE.

CUPID is the Alexander of Love, always weeping for more worlds to conquer, till age makes hope regret. M. FREDERICKS.

LOVE is many-sided sacrifice. It means thoughtfulness for others ; it means putting their good before self-gratification. Love is impulse, no doubt, but true love is impulse wisely directed. HUGH R. HAWEIS.

OF all great poems Love is the absolute and the essential foundation. C. FITZHUGH.

It is not love that steals the heart from love ; it is the hard world and its perplexing cares, its petrifying selfishness, its pride, its low ambition, and its paltry aims. CAROLINE BOWLES.

To blame a young man for being in love is like chiding one for being ill. CHARLES PINEAU DUCLOS.

LOVE, the last relay and ultimate outpost of eternity. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE love of youth, which succeeds the crackling blaze of boyhood, makes a broader flame, though it may not be so easily kindled.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

HE who has fostered the sweet poison of love by fondling it finds it too late to refuse the yoke which he has of his own accord assumed.

SENECA.

IN vain the night with vapor-laden wings enwraps the canopy of heaven; this dims not the all-seeing power of love.

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIRLAND.

SELF-LOVE was born before love.

ANONYMOUS.

VOLUPTUOUS love is the prerogative of the young and the regret of the old.

WALTER HARCOURT.

THERE is a sweet and holy blindness in Christian love, even as there is a blindness of life; yea, and of genius, too, in the moment of productive energy.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

LOVE is like the moon, — when it does not increase, it decreases.

LOUIS PHILIPPE DE SÉGUR.

LOVE worketh no ill to his neighbor;
therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

BIBLE.

THE truth of lovers is likened to the
Arabian Phoenix ; every one says there is
such a bird, but where no one can tell.

METASTASIO.

IN all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns,
And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN love matters a kiss is the frontier of
safety.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

FABLE is Love's world ; delightedly he
dwells among fays and talismans ; delightedly
believes in deities, being himself divine.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

WHEN a youth is fully in love with a girl,
and feels that he is wise in loving her, he
should at once tell her so plainly, and take
his chance bravely with other suitors.

JOHN RUSKIN.

ALAS for love, if thou wert all, and nought
beyond, O Earth !

MRS. FELICIA D. B. HEMANS.

Is God a consideration? She loves you.
Not God; she will not flinch from Him
indeed.

She loves you, sir, with passion, to lunacy.
She loves you like her diamonds — almost.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FOLLOW love, and it will flee; flee love,
and it will follow thee. PROVERB.

PEOPLE who love each other most before
marriage are sometimes those who love
each other least after it.

ANTOINE DUPUY.

LOVE makes obedience lighter than liberty.

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

THOUSANDS of impatient youths marry
their Rosalinds before they have had time
or opportunity to meet their Juliets.

HENRY J. FINCK.

EVERY beloved object is the centre of a
paradise.

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG.

LOVE of men cannot be bought by cash
payment; and without love men cannot
endure to be together. THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN love one is cured of one illusion by
another.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE is the Brother of Death. This has been often said and said again, but who has yet discovered to what extent he is the Brother of Pain?

JULES MICHELET.

LOVE'S EVOLUTION INTO SYMPATHY.

ALL day, where the sunlight played on the seashore, Life sat. All day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young, young face looked out across the water. She was waiting—she was waiting; but she could not tell for what. All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head upon her knee and fell asleep, waiting still. Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore,—Life awoke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up and saw over her the strange wide eyes of Love; and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting. And Love drew Life unto him. And of that meeting

was born a thing rare and beautiful, — Joy, First-Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss are not so ruddy. Its tiny pulses beat quick. It was so warm, so soft! It never spoke, but it laughed and played in the sunshine; and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours forever." . . . One day Life and Love lay down to sleep, and when they awoke it was gone; only near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger with wide open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly. "Oh, our Joy, our lost Joy, shall we see you no more forever?" The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them. . . . At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future, and Life and Love

cried out, "O wise one ! tell us ; when first we met, a lovely, radiant thing belonged to us,—gladness, without a tear, sunshine, without a shade. Oh, how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?" . . . And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind ! What you once had is that which you have now. When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the road begins to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and long,—then it begins to change. Love and Life *will* not see it, *will* not know it—till one day they start up suddenly crying, 'O God, O God, we have lost it ! Where is it?' They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert and the frost and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing,—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts,—its name is Sympathy ; it is the Perfect Love."

OLIVE SCHREINER.

VI.

IN love it is only the commencement that charms. I am not surprised that one finds pleasure in frequently recommencing.

PRINCE DE LIGNE.

THEY are right in saying that love must not be argued about, that every argument about love destroys love.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOY.

ONE of the most seductive illusions of love is to imagine that we contribute to the happiness of those we love.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

WHEN Christianity preached the love of one's neighbor it raised the natural instinct of man's fellowship with his kind into a religious commandment, and promoted the perpetuation and prosperity of the human race.

MAX NORDAU.

FRIENDSHIP often ends in love ;
But love in friendship — never.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON.

No girl ever liked a young man less for
having done things wild and foolish, pro-
vided she was *sure* that love of her had been
the cause.

ANONYMOUS.

We know too much of Love ere we love.
We can trace
Nothing new, unexpected, or strange in his
face
When we see it at last. 'T is the same little
Cupid,
With the same dimpled cheek and the smile
almost stupid,
We have seen in our pictures and stuck on
our shelves,
And copied a hundred times over ourselves.

OWEN MEREDITH.

GOD will not love thee less because men love
thee more.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

THERE is no happiness in the world in
which love does not enter ; and love is but
the discovery of ourselves in others, and the
delight in the recognition.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

LOVE is the piety of the affections.

THEODORE PARKER.

IN love nothing is more seductive than a bad example. Witness Adam's plight in Eden — and he a man at that !

CLAYTON BEMIS.

O SPIRIT of love ! how quick and fresh art thou !

Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER speak of love with scorn :
Such were direst treason ;
Love was made for eve and morn
And for every season.

C. KENT.

THE history of love would be the history of humanity ; it would be a beautiful book to write.

CHARLES NODIER.

O LOVE ! Love ! you do not yet know what justice is.

JULES MICHELET.

LOVE is the passion of great souls ; it makes them merit glory when it does not turn their heads.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

LET no man think he is loved by any man when he loves no man.

EPICTETUS.

IN the mathematics of Nature love is as surely the sign of multiplication as jealousy is the sign of division.

M. FREDERICKS.

SWEET love has often deigned
My poverty to cheer,
But now my youth has waned
I see his flight is near.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

OUR happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

DUCHESSE DE PRASLIN.

THE true and full recognition of the dignity of woman, and the worth of her love, belongs to modern times, and culminates in the nineteenth century.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

IN love, one must not attack a place unless one storms it.

ANONYMOUS.

REASON with Love and register with Woe.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss ;
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

I WILL love you that I may possess you
upon earth, and I will possess you that I
may love you one day in heaven.

JOSEPH ROUX.

TRUE love's the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven ;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
It liveth not in fierce desire ;
With dead desire it doth not die ;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silver tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN love to our wives there is desire ; to
our sons there is ambition ; but in that to
our daughters there is something which
there are no words to express.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE cup that is longest untasted
May be with our bliss running o'er,
And, love when we will, we have wasted
An age in not loving before.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

GREATER than anger
Is love, and subdueth.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LOVE is chary of using pointed shafts, and most of his target practice is done with heavy, round-tipped arrows that leave an ugly black bruise where they strike, but do not draw the generous blood.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

To some, indeed, it was given to realize their ideals of spiritual love. But they were, and still are, the exceptions.

EDWARD STRACHEY.

WHOEVER has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and of joy.

GEORGE SAND.

LOVE is a science rather than a sentiment. It is taught and learned. One is never master of it at the first step.

MADAME DELUZY.

WHEN love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE quarrels of lovers are like summer showers, that leave the country more verdant and beautiful.

MADAME NECKER.

LOVE makes time pass, and time makes love pass.

PROVERB.

No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once, without seven reasons.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LOVE is the father of audacity.

M. FREDERICKS.

IN love the importance lies in the beginning. The world knows well that whoever takes one step will take more ; it is important, then, to take the first step well.

BERNARD LE BOVIER DE FONTENELLE.

ALL love should be simply stepping stones to the love of God.

PLATO.

LOVE must be as much a light as a flame.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

LOVE is ever the beginning of knowledge, as fire is of light, and works also more in the manner of fire.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE heart has eyes that the brain knows nothing of.

C. H. PARKHURST.

LOVE places a genius and a fool on a level.

J. B. L. DE GRESSET.

FOR faults are beauties in a lover's eyes.

THEOCRITUS.

LOVE is the greatest thing that God can give us, and it is the greatest we can give God.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

NONE without hope e'er loved the brightest fair ;

But Love can hope where Reason would despair.

LORD LYTTELTON.

IN love we are all fools alike.

JOHN GAY.

LOVE is the instinctive recognition of the fact by one being that it must be united with a certain other being of the opposite sex so that its good qualities may be increased, its bad neutralized.

MAX NORDAU.

O TENDER longing ! sweet hope ! the golden time of first love, — the eye sees the heaven open while the heart is silent in blissfulness.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

LOVE is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LOVE is the soul itself ; it lives an invisible life ; it is healed by its own balms, it is restored, it begins anew, it has not died out ; it goes even to the tomb, and is then immortal.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

LOVE is a game at which one always cheats.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

BUT angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame.

BEN JONSON.

FOR five whole years I see her every day,
and always think I see her for the first time.

JEAN RACINE.

LOVE covers a multitude of sins. When
a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind
office is to hide it.

ROBERT SOUTH.

HEAR, ye ladies that despise
What the mighty Love hath done ;
Fear example and be wise :
Fair Callisto was a nun.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

LOVE is a bottomless pit ; it is a cormorant, — a harpy that devours everything.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LOVE is a power easily disciplined. It gives, as does all other natural strength, a foothold for the will, for the art, say what you will to the contrary, very easily creates it and as easily modifies it.

JULES MICHELET.

LOVE is represented as the fulfilling of the law: a creature's perfection, all other graces, all divine dispensations, contribute to this, and are lost in it as in a heaven.

RICHARD HOOKER.

TAKE heed lest by your heart you burn yourselves.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IF there's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for
me.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

It is a beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

LOVE and gratitude are seldom found in the same breast without impairing each other.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WERE we perfectly acquainted with our idol, we should never passionately desire it.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"ALAS!" said Love, and dropped his flowers,
 "I've lost my time in idle play;
 The sweeter I would make the hours,
 The quicker they are passed away."

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE is a sacred stream which withdraws
 itself from the sacrilegious who have offered
 it outrage.

SARAH GRAND.

WOMEN are well aware that what is com-
 monly called sublime and poetic love de-
 pends not upon moral qualities, but on
 frequent meetings, and on the style in which
 the hair is done up and on the color and cut
 of the dress.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

HATE makes us vehement partisans, but
 love still more so.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

FOR glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
 Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a
 letter;

And then God knows what mischief may
 arise,

When love links two young people in one
 fetter.

LORD BYRON.

ALL those observers who have spent their lives in the study of the human heart know less about the signs of love than the most brainless yet sensitive woman.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

FOUNDATION OF TRUE LOVE.

LOVE is in truth a preference of other beings to one's self,—surely, that is the way we all understand love, and it is impossible to understand it otherwise. The amount of love is the amount of the fraction whose numerator—my partiality, my sympathy for lovers—is not in my power; but the denominator—my love for myself—can be augmented or diminished by me to infinity, in proportion to the significance which I attribute to my animal personality. But the judgment of our world concerning love, concerning its grades, is a judgment as to the size of the fraction according to the numerator alone, without regard to the denominator. Real love always has as its foundation renunciation of individual happiness, and the affection towards all men which arises therefrom. Only upon this universal affection can spring

up genuine love for certain people, — one's own relatives or strangers. And such love alone gives the true bliss of life, and solves the apparent contradictions of the animal and the rational consciousness. Love which has not for its foundation renunciation of individuality, and, as a consequence, affection for all people, is merely the life of the animal, and is subject to the same and even greater miseries, and to still greater folly than life without this fictitious love. The feeling of passion called love not only does not remove the conflict of existences, does not free an individual from the pursuit of enjoyments, and does not save from death, but merely darkens life still more, embitters the strife, augments the thirst for pleasures for one's self and others, and increases the terror of death for one's self and others. The man who places his life in the existence of the animal individual cannot love, because love must seem to him an activity directly opposed to his life. The life of such a man is only in the happiness of his animal existence; but love demands, first of all, the sacrifice of that happiness. Even if a man who does not understand life should sin-

cerely wish to give himself up to the activity of love, he will not be in condition to do this until he understands life and changes his whole relation to it. The man who seeks his life in the happiness of his animal person, who increases, during the whole course of his life, the means of his animal happiness, by acquiring wealth and hoarding it, will make others serve his animal happiness, and will distribute that happiness among those individuals who have been most useful to him for the happiness of his person. But how is he to give up his life, when his life is supported, not by himself, but by other people? And still more difficult will it be for him to choose to which of the persons whom he prefers he shall give the happiness which he has accumulated. In order to be in a position to give up his life, he must first give away that superfluity which he takes from others for the happiness of his own life.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

VII.

LOVE, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment
flies.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LOVE not pleasure ; love God. This is
the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction
is solved ; wherein whoso walks and works,
it is well with him.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHOEVER devotes his heart to a soul
deluder puts his beard or reputation into
the hands of another.

SHAIKH SADI.

WHEN the blood burns, how prodigal the
soul
Gives the tongue vows. These blazes,
daughter,
Giving more light than heat, — extinct in
both,
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SUCH is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel.

EDMUND SPENSER.

TRUE love is rare ; true friendship, still
rarer.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

RIPENING love is the stillest ; the shady
flowers in this spring, as in the other, shun
sunlight.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

LOVE it is and love alone
Can with death contest the throne.

M. E. JERSEY.

SOME hearts are so mellow that all you
have to do is to tickle them with a look to
make them yield a harvest of sighs and
sentiment.

WALTER HARCOURT.

CUPID, though blind, has always had a
great eye for beauty.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

THE doctrine of love for one's neighbor
conquered humanity because it appealed to
its most powerful instinct, the impulse for
the preservation of the race.

MAX NORDAU.

To love is everything ; love is God.

LÉON GOZLAN.

It is remarkable what an influence inclination and interest have in determining the course of love.

LOUIS WACHMUTH.

THE law of heaven is love.

HOSEA BALLOU.

It is the privilege of human beings above brutes to love those that disoblige us.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

YOUNG Love's first lesson is — the heart.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THERE are people who would never have been in love if they had never heard love spoken of.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

WHAT pleasure is to the senses or to the animal life, that love is to the imagination and the emotional life.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

LOVE is a rapid impulse, — a flame ignited in a moment.

MARIE CORELLI.

EASY winning makes love contemptible; difficulty renders it dear.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

THE more mysterious love is, the more strength it has ; the more it is secret, the more it increases ; the more hidden, the plainer shown.

MADAME DE SARTORY.

LOVE finds the need it fills.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WITH women worth the being won,
The softest lover ever best succeeds.

AARON HILL.

LOVE never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THERE is nothing in this world so sweet as love, and next to love the sweetest thing is hate.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LOVE is the harvest of beauty.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT is love? 'T is nature's treasure ;
'T is the storehouse of her joys ;
'T is the highest heaven of pleasure ;
'T is a bliss which never cloy.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

How the Almighty God tears our little passions to tatters . . . and works His own ends in spite of them !

HALL CAINE.

WE are all born for love. It is the principle of existence, and its only end.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

I LOVE thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

HE who grows old in love, besides all pain
Which waits such passion, well deserves the
chain.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

LOVE and scandal are the best sweeteners
of tea.

HENRY FIELDING.

LOVE, as in infancy, was mine, —
'T was such as angel minds above
Might envy.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

LOVE is like the measles, all the worse
when it comes late in life.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

LOVE is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstructions, and at every difficulty rises to higher might.

T. L. HAINES.

IN love too much of it is not enough.

PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

It is a divinity—all that's worth living for in the world.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LOVE concedes in a moment what we can hardly attain by effort after years of toil.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LOVE is the most fruitful both of honey and gall.

T. MACCIUS PLAUTUS.

LOVE, like poetry and prophecy, is a divine gift, which diverts men from the common current of their earthly lives.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THERE is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.

THOMAS MOORE.

CUPID is the world's greatest gambler, for whom Hymen holds the chips.

GRACE ELLERY.

ROMANTIC love is a modern sentiment, less than a thousand years old.

HENRY J. FINCK.

LOVE is a weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel men when all the rest had failed. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

LOVE without return is like a question without an answer. GERMAN PROVERB.

DOUBT truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt, I love.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it soon withers and dies.

L. W. YAGGY.

To be in love much and frequently and always in hope is the secret of happiness.

M. FREDERICKS.

THE proverb holds that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.

JOHN DRYDEN.

I LOVE her doubting and anguish ;
I love the love she withholds ;
I love my love that loveth her,
And anew her being moulds.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

LOVE does not kill Death. Death does not kill Love.

JULES MICHELET.

GREAT souls love ; weak souls desire.

MADAME DE KRÜDENER.

A SUPREME love, a motive that gives a sublime rhythm to a woman's life, and exalts habit into partnership with the soul's highest needs, is not to be had where and how she wills.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE man who has never felt the influence of love is like one who lives ever in gloomy winter, or he resembles a brook that never gives out a pleasant murmur, a dumb bird that never sings, or a withered tree whose boughs never unfold a blossom to the sun.

SALOMON GESSNER.

I COULD not love, I'm sure,
One who in love were wise.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

A LOVER in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the father.

CHARLES LAMB.

DIFFIDENCE and awkwardness are the two antidotes to love.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

UNIVERSAL love is a glove without fingers, which fits all hands alike and none closely.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

LOVE ought to raise a low heart and not humble a high one.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

LOVE is the passion that hath passed all censures, as various as the kinds of it, or the effects.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

LOVE is like a rose,
And a month it may not see
Ere it withers where it grows.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

A MAN loved by a beautiful and virtuous woman carries with him a talisman that renders him invulnerable; every one feels that such a one's life has a higher value than that of others.

GEORGE SAND.

VARIETY is one of the last resources of jaded love.

DR. JOHN BRADFORD.

AMONG the barbaric races love is as narrow and as humble as are the languages and the arts.

DAVID SWING.

THERE is such a thing as euthanasia for a married man; but for a bachelor, oh, dear no.

ANONYMOUS.

SMILES are the language of love.

AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

THE hand never tires of writing when the heart dictates.

J. DE FINOD.

FINALLY God created man and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how can man help loving?

ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

To love is to ask of another the happiness that is lacking in ourselves.

ROCHEPÈDRÉ.

SOME people have such a genius for love-making that as soon as they have made one conquest they farm it out to a deputy and lay the trains for a new enterprise.

SARAH L. MINCHLER.

LOVE at its highest point — love sublime, unique, invincible — leads us straight to the brink of the great abyss, for it speaks to us directly of the infinite and of eternity.

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

FALLING IN LOVE.

THE simple accident of falling in love is as beneficial as it is astonishing. It arrests the petrifying influences of years, disproves cold-blooded and cynical conclusions, and awakens dormant sensibilities. Hitherto the

man had found it a good policy to disbelieve the existence of any enjoyment which was out of his reach ; and thus he turned his back upon the strong, sunny parts of nature, and accustomed himself to look exclusively on what was common and dull. He accepted a prose ideal, let himself go blind of many sympathies by disuse ; and if he were young or witty or beautiful, wilfully forewent these advantages. He joined himself to the following of what, in the old mythology of love, was prettily called *nonchaloir* ; and in an odd mixture of feelings, a fling of self-respect, a preference for selfish liberty, and a great dash of that fear with which good people regard serious interests, kept himself back from the straightforward course of life among certain selected activities. And now, all of a sudden, he is unhorsed, like Saint Paul, from his infidel affectation. His heart, which had been ticking active seconds for the last year, gives a bound and begins to beat high and irregularly in his breast. It seems as if he had never heard, or felt, or seen until that moment ; and by the report of his memory, he must have lived his past life between sleeping and waking, or with the preoccupied

attention of a brown study. He is practically incommoded by the generosity of his feelings, smiles much when he is alone, and develops a habit of looking rather blankly upon the moon and stars. But it is not at all within the province of a prose essayist to give a picture of this hyperbolical state of mind ; and the thing has been done already and that to admiration. . . . Altogether there is plenty to read on the subject. If the root of the matter be in him, and if he has the requisite chords to set in vibration, a young man may occasionally enter with the key of art, into the land of Beulah, which is upon the borders of Heaven, and within sight of the City of Love. There let him sit awhile to hatch delightful hopes and perilous illusions.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VIII.

THE woman who has not touched the heart of a man before he leads her to the altar has scarcely a chance to charm it when possession and security turn their powerful arms against her.

MRS. HANNAH PARKHOUSE COWLEY.

LOVE is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WAR has its sweets ; Hymen its alarms.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

PARTAKE of love as a temperate man partakes of wine : do not become intoxicated.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

LOVE is a familiar ; love is a devil ; there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength ; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

As it never depends on ourselves to love
or to cease to love, a lover cannot complain
with justice of the inconstancy of his mis-
tress, nor she of her lover's fickleness.

MADAME DE SARTORY.

IN love all is a risk. In the grove or be-
fore the altar, in an embrace or a golden
ring, by the chirping of a cricket or at the
sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, it is all
only a risk ; chance does it all.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LOVE too late can never grow cold.

JOHN KEBLE.

WHEN my idol or mistress is approaching
me with her tantalizing smiles, she is sprink-
ling more salt upon my smarting sores.

SHAIKH SADI.

LOVE waits for love, though the sun be set,
And the stars be set, and the dews are wet,
And the night winds moan.

DR. WALTER SMITH.

It is folly to pretend that one wholly re-
covers from a disappointed passion. Such
wounds always leave a scar.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

YOUR matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tired and stupid.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE is the oldest-newest sole world-
event.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

IMAGINATIVE love can never cope with two
years or three thousand years.

J. L. BASFORD.

WHO has not shed tears over the tomb of
a loved one?

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

No man is without some quality by the
due exercise of which he may reasonably
hope to become a conqueror of hearts.

MRS. HENRY FRERES.

FOR here below, as in the spheres above,
All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty — Love.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

LOVE is quickly reached by the cross-road
gratitude.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

CARESSES, expressions of one sort or an-
other, are necessary to the life of the affec-
tions as leaves are to the life of a tree. If
they are wholly restrained, love will die at
the roots.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love I love indeed.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

He is not wont to love who is oppressed
by too great abundance of pleasure.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

RICHES take wings, comforts vanish, hope
withers away, but love stays with us. Love
is God.

LEW WALLACE.

THOU canst have no fellow feeling for my
disorder; a companion to suit me must
have the selfsame malady.

SHAIKH SADI.

WHEN a woman begins to dress "loud,"
her love too begins to make itself heard.

CLAYTON BEMIS.

If any one should importune me to give
a reason why I loved him, I feel it could no
otherwise be expressed than by making
answer, "Because it was he; because it
was I."

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

WHO might wake whene'er it came
Her unconscious heart to flame,
And might teach its heart to rove
After that strange "thing called love."

M. E. JERSEY.

WHEN poverty comes in at the door, love
flies out at the window. PROVERB.

BETTER to love amiss than nothing to
have loved. GEORGE CRABBE.

THE yoke of love is sometimes heavier
than that of all the virtues.
MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

OFTEN with love one only trieth to over-
leap envy. FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

THERE is no love in the future. Love is
only activity in the present. And the man
who manifests no love in the present has
no love. COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

GREEK love and chivalrous love form two
extraordinary and exceptional phases of
psychological experience.
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

BREVITY may be the soul of wit, but it is
the hoodoo of love, especially in acute cases.
ARTHUR STANWOOD.

LET love give way to business; give at-
tention to business, and you will be safe.
P. OVIDIUS NASO.

LOVE divulged rarely lasts.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

TRUE love is eternal, infinite, and always like itself. It is equal and pure, without violent demonstrations ; it is seen with white hairs and is always young in the heart.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

WHEN once the young heart of a maiden
is stolen,

The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

THOMAS MOORE.

WE are mentally, physically, and spiritually thrown out of gear by the storm of love, and our delusive petty microcosm, revolving round self-interest, feels the shock of a power hitherto unknown and unappreciated.

EDWARD ROSCOE.

To fall in love is not difficult ; the difficulty lies in telling it.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

BENEATH the odorous shade of the boundless forests of Chili the native youth repeats the story of love as sincerely as it was ever chanted in the valley of Vaucluse.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

LOVE makes itself understood by the simplest beings ; it bears with it a charm which moves the indifferent, and the eyes of two young lovers have a language whose sweetness penetrates even those who have never loved.

MADAME DESBORDES-VALMORE.

THEY tell you that man is not capable of love ; so the September sun is not capable of warmth ! It may not indeed be so fierce as that of July, but it is steadier.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THE eternity of love is the *pons assinorum* of henpecked husbands.

WALLACE MAXWELL.

IF lovers could choose their planets, all bachelors would go to Venus and spinsters to Mars.

PHILIP MORISON.

WHY is it so difficult to love wisely, so easy to love too well ?

MISS M. E. BRADDON.

IT is well that Romeo and Juliet died young. If the tragedy had not been concluded with the fifth act, I am not sure but what we would not have heard of quarrels between the charming young couple.

MAX NORDAU.

It is not the angels but the devil who keeps a record of lovers' vows.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

Vows of love prove its inconstancy.

JEAN FRANÇOIS DE MARMONTEL.

LOVE is a fever of which the delirium is to believe itself eternal.

MADAME COTTIN.

JEALOUSY is often the helpmate of sweet love.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A LOVING heart carries with it, under every parallel of latitude, the warmth and light of the tropics.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SINCE love teaches how to trick the tricksters, how much reason have we to fear it — we who are poor simple creatures.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

ASK the child why it is born ; ask the flower why it blossoms ; ask the sun why it shines. I love you because I must love you.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

ONLY those who love with the heart can animate the love of others.

ABEL STEVENS.

WHAT is love? — for sure love is a thing :
Love is a prick ; love is a sting ;
Love is a pretty, pretty thing ;
Love is a fire ; love is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole ;
And, as myself can best devise,
His dwelling is in ladies' eyes.

GEORGE PEELE.

THE heart is like a millstone, which gives
meat if you supply it with corn, but frets
itself if you don't.

C. J. WEBER.

SHE had given life's hopes to a most frag-
ile bark, to Love !

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

O LOVE, love, love !
Love is like a dizziness ;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness.

JAMES HOGG.

FROM true jealousy love always increases.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

IT is the very essence of love, of noble-
ness, of greatness, to be willing to suffer for
the good of others.

JOSEPH SPENCE.

LOVE, who insists that love shall mutual
be. DANTE ALIGHIERI.

LOVE is rather the god of sensation than
of sensibility. NINON DE LENCLOS.

LOVE is a torrent that one checks by dig-
ging a bed for it. PHILIBERT COMMERSON.

THE motto of chivalry is also the motto of
wisdom, — to serve all, but love only one.
HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

To love to know is human, to know how
to love is divine. JOSEPH ROUX.

THE love which grows slowly and by de-
grees resembles friendship too much to be
a violent passion. DU CŒUR.

LOVE expels the dross of our nature ; it
overcomes sorrow ; it is the full joy of our
Lord. RICHARD HOOKER.

LOVE makes us thin. If a codfish were a
widow, she would become fat.
PROVENÇAL PROVERB.

IF there is anything that keeps the mind
open to angel visits, and repels the ministry
of ill, it is human love.
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

IN matters of love, the old extol morality as a cloak for the regrets enforced by necessity.

M. FREDERICKS.

LOVE AS BACON SAW IT.

You may observe that, amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent), there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shews that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. . . . It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, by this: that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self; certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, *That it is impossible to love and be wise*. Neither doth this weakness ap-

pear to others only, and not to the party loved ; but to the loved most of all, unless the love is reciproque. For this is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt. By how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them ; that he that preferred Helena, quited the gifts of Juno and Pallas. For whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quiteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness ; which are great prosperity and great adversity ; though this latter hath been less observed ; both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore shew it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life ; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to

degenerate

love: I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which if it be not spent upon some one, or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometime in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

FRANCIS BACON.

IX.

WHY did she love him? Curious fool, be
still ;

Is human love the growth of human will?

LORD BYRON.

WE paint love as a child, when he should
sit a giant on his clouds, the great disturb-
ing spirit of the world.

GEORGE CROLY.

ONE should believe in marriage as in the
immortality of the soul.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

— LOVE is so delicate and fastidious that
I see not how it can ever begin.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

ONE does not reason with his heart ; one
either breaks it, or yields to it.

ROCHEPÈDRE.

LOVE is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the
soul.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

LOVE shall wing the tedious-wasting day ;
Life without love is load ; and time stands
still.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

LOVE is blind, and the figure of Cupid is
drawn with a bandage over his eyes. Blind :
yes, because he does not see what he does
not like.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THOSE that have loved longest have loved
best.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SHE was too highly tempered, well-bal-
anced a creature to be the victim of any one
passion, and, least of all, of that transient
state of feeling miscalled "Love."

SARAH GRAND.

AN oyster may be crossed in love.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

To be wholly loved with the whole heart,
one must be suffering.

HEINRICH HEINE.

LOVE is like what is called the Milky Way
in heaven, a brilliant mass formed by thou-
sands of little stars, of which each perhaps
is nebulous.

MARIE HENRI BEYLE.

By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zoe mou, sas agapo (my life, I love you).

LORD BYRON.

THERE's beggary in the love that can be
reckoned.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ONE entire sex has a general attraction
for the other entire sex; it is quite imma-
terial to the man as well as to the woman
which man or which woman becomes their
companion.

MAX NORDAU.

OUR love is inwrought in our enthusiasm
as electricity is inwrought in the air, exalt-
ing its power by a subtle presence.

GEORGE ELIOT.

MEN . . .

Whose love takes no distinction but of
gender

And ridicules the very name of choice.

ANONYMOUS.

TEARS are by no means unserviceable in
love, because by tears you may touch a
heart of stone.

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

If nobody loves you, be sure it is your
own fault.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

OUR very wretchedness grows dear to us
when suffering for one we love.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

IN love, as in everything else, experience
is a physician who never comes until after
the disorder is cured.

MADAME DE LA TOUR.

WE are cured of love as we are consoled
in sorrow ; the heart has not the power al-
ways to mourn, or always to love.

DU CŒUR.

PLATONIC love is platonic nonsense.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

How can man love but what he yearns
to help?

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHOSOEVER then understands what is good,
can also know how to love ; but he who can-
not distinguish good from bad, how can he
possess the power of loving?

EPICTETUS.

HE who has most of heart knows most
of sorrow.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

LOVE 's of itself too sweet ; the best of all
Is when love's honey has a dash of gall.

ROBERT HERRICK.

WHEN we to love begin,
To love are we a prey.

CHARLES SIMON FAVART.

LOVE is ever busy with his shuttle, is ever
weaving into life's dull warp bright gorgeous
flowers and scenes arcadian.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LOVE finds its ultimate cause in physiology.

DR. JOHN BRADFORD.

WHEN one is in love, one wishes to be in
fetters. JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

GOD gives us love. Something to love
He lends us ; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOVE and trust are the only mother-milk
of any man's soul. JOHN RUSKIN.

THE heart must be beaten and bruised be-
fore the sweet scent will come out.

JOHN BUNYAN.

WHAT thing is love, which naught can coun-
tervail?

Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A WOMAN waking a young man's passions just at the moment when he is endeavoring to shine intellectually, is doing little less than committing a crime.

THOMAS HARDY.

LOVE is the eldest, noblest, and mightiest of the gods, and the chiefest author and giver of virtue in life and happiness after death.

PLATO.

ONE loves more the first time, better the second.

ROCHEPÈDRE.

LOVE extinguished can be rekindled ; love worn out — never.

ANONYMOUS.

FRIENDSHIP is like earthen ware, — if it is broken it can be mended ; but love is like a mirror, — once broken, that ends it.

HENRY W. SHAW.

THE greatest pleasure of love is love.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE waltz is the charging step of love.

HENRI MURGER.

SURELY it is a cruel fate to have none to love in all the wide world. Nothing can be more cruel.

MARIE CORELLI.

VERY few people know what love is, and
very few of those that do, tell of it.

MADAME GUIZOT.

LOVE ends where pride begins.

JOHN CASPAR LAVATER.

HANG constancy ! You knew too much of
the world to be constant, sure.

HENRY FIELDING.

IN love, great pleasures come very near
great sorrows.

MADemoiselle DE LESPINASSE.

YEARS their cares increase,
Their love grows colder, and their pleasures
cease,

In health just fed — in sickness just relieved —
By hardships harassed, and by children
grieved.

GEORGE CRABBE.

To reveal its complacence by gifts is one
of the native dialects of love.

MRS. LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

LOVE's true function in the world is as the
regenerator and restorer of social life, the
reconciler and uniter of living men.

JAMES WOOD.

LOVE's humility is Love's true pride.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A LOVING heart is the truest wisdom.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE heart that truly loves puts not its love aside . . . but grows stronger for that which seeks to thwart it.

LEWIS MORRIS.

LOVE makes labor light.

J. G. HOLLAND.

LOVE never dies !

Albeit the idols from their niches fall,
And leave the soul enrobed in sable pall.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE is indeed heaven upon earth : since
heaven above would not be heaven without it.

WILLIAM PENN.

WE are easily duped by those whom we
love.

J. B. POQUELIN MOLIERE.

WHEN loving hearts are separated, not the
one which is exhaled to heaven, but the sur-
vivor it is which tastes the sting of death.

DUCHESSE DE PRASLIN.

"No man sacrifices his honor, even for
one he loves." "Millions of women have
done so."

HENRIK IBSEN.

LOVE 's the noblest frailty of the mind.

JOHN DRYDEN.

WERE she less lovely, less divine,

Less passion and despair were mine.

GUILLAUME DE CABESTAING.

VIRGINITY of the heart, alas ! so soon ravished ! Sweet dreams ! Expectations of happiness and of love ! Fresh illusions of the morning of life ! Why do you not last till the end of the day ?

SULPICE GUILLAUME GAVARNI.

O HAPPY state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THERE is no enduring slavery but that of the heart.

ANONYMOUS.

HE is not made thin by Venus' quiver,
nor does he burn with her torch ; it is from this that his fires are fed, from her dowry the arrows come.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS.

IN the lovers' creed creation centres about a petticoat.

M. FREDERICKS.

LET him who does not choose to be called
a lazy fellow fall in love.

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

LOVE without esteem cannot reach far or rise high ; it is an angel with but one wing.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fil.*

LOVE is the occupation of an idle man, the amusement of a busy one, and the shipwreck of a sovereign.

NAPOLÉON I.

LOVE is the burden of all Nature's odes.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

ALL brave men love ; for he alone is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life or in physical contests.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WHAT A WOMAN WOULD LIKE.

I SHOULD like to be a man for a little while, that I might make love to at least two or three women in a way that would neither shock them with its coarseness, nor starve them with its poverty. As it is now, most women deny themselves the expression of the best part of their love, because they know it will be either a puzzle or a terror to their lovers. Natures, like melodies, have their key-notes ; and with a heart stored with

visions and theories, I, too, dreamed of the hand that would strike this note, would make out of the broken sounds of life a song, and of life itself a melody. Eagerly I listened for the trumpet note that would herald his coming. I did not know that Love is very humble-minded, that he bids no heralds and ambassadors go before him with blare of trumpets and waving of banners. He comes by chance along quiet country lanes, on crowded city crossings, in gleams of moonlight, on dewy lawns. Quick, subtle, and fearless, he steals upon us gently and softly, without observation. And at first we laugh at his pretty face, which is that of a merry, earthly child; but his hands, when we take them, grasp like bands of iron, and his strength is the strength of a giant, his heart the heart of a tyrant. And he gives us to drink of a cup in which sweet is mingled with bitter; and the sweet is soon forgotten, and the taste of the bitter remains. And we hardly know whether to bless him or curse him, for he changes all things. We cannot tell whether to weep for the old world we have lost, or shout for joy of the new world we have found. Love, the first, the greatest,

the gentlest, the most cruel, the most irresistible of passions! In his least form he is mighty. A little love has destroyed many a great friendship. The merest outward semblance of love has made such havoc as no intellect could repair. The reality has made heroes and martyrs, traitors and murderers, whose names will not be forgotten for glory or for shame. Helen is not the only woman whose smile has kindled the beacon of a ten years' war; nor Antony the only man who has lost the world for a caress. It may be that the Helen who shall work our destruction is even now twisting and braiding her golden hair; it may be that the new Antony who is to lose this same old world again already stands upon the steps of Cleopatra's throne. Love's day is not over yet; nor have men and women yet outgrown the power of love. One day, without warning, I awoke, and found the world created anew. . . . All innocent, natural impulses respond to this subtle influence. One may well gauge his advance in selfishness, worldliness, and sin by his loss of this annual susceptibility, by the failure of this sweet appeal to touch his heart. Only to

live on such days is pure happiness ; but to live with the knowledge that another heart beats with you and for you, another warm, living, loving human being thinks of and cares for you,—ah, then, the happiness is doubled and intensified !

EVA WHITTHORNE TREZEVANT.

X.

MARRIAGE seems to be in the main only the alliance between a man and a woman for offensive purposes towards one another and for defensive purposes against the outside world.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

LOVE is the sun of life, most beautiful in the morning and evening, but warmest and steadiest at noon.

ANONYMOUS.

To love truly and devotedly is the noblest gift with which a human being can be endowed ; but it is a sacred fire that must not be burned to idols.

MISS JEWSBURY.

O LOVE ! thine essence is thy purity !
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy
flame

And it is gone forever, and but leaves
A sullied vase — its pure light lost in shame.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

LOVE sees what no eye sees ; hears what
no ear hears ; and what never rose in the
heart of man love prepares for its object.

JOHN CASPAR LAVATER.

I AM not one of those who do not believe
in love at first sight, but I believe in taking
a second look.

H. VINCENT.

LOVE mocks all sorrows but its own, and
damps each joy he does not yield.

LADY DACRE.

LOVE is strong as death. Many waters
cannot quench love, neither can the floods
drown it.

BIBLE.

VENUS will not charm so much without
her attendant Graces as they will without
her.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

LOVE is the joining of two souls on their
way to God.

J. M. BARRIE.

LOVE sustains, and Love endures ;
Love is lasting, Love secures ;
Love in loving takes delight ;
Loyal Love, Love pure and bright,
Feels his vassalage no care ;
Can all things gain, can all things dare.

ROMAN DE LA ROSE.

MAN first falls in love with woman, woman with man, not with a particular man or woman.

HENRY J. FINCK.

LOVE has a tide.

HELEN HUNT.

CHILDLIKE love can only spring up toward a heart whereon we have long reposed.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

WOE to the heart that has not loved in youth.

IVAN TURGENEV.

THE wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.

MADAME DELUZY.

LOVE will find its way,
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey.

LORD BYRON.

CELIBACY sinned against love, and Cupid instituted marriage as punishment.

GRACE ELLERY.

LOVE looks through spectacles that make copper appear like gold, poverty like riches, and foul tears like pearls.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

THE Devil and Love are one.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

THE accents of love are all that is left of
the language of paradise.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

ALL the other passions move
In subjection under Love.
'T is the tyrant of the mind.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

VENUS, thy eternal sway
All the race of men obey. .

EURIPIDES.

BANISH that fear ; my flame can never waste,
For love sincere refines upon the taste.

COLLEY CIBBER.

AH, me ! that no herbs can cure the
lovesick.

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

NOTHING but real love — (how rare it is !
has one human heart in a million ever
known it?) — nothing but real love can
repay us for the loss of freedom, the cares
and fears of poverty, the cold pity of the
world that we both despise and respect.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

IF there is anything better than to be
loved, it is loving.

ANONYMOUS.

THE sweets of love are washed with tears.

GEORGE HERBERT.

WOMAN sits down before each as his destiny, and too frequently enervates his purpose, till he abandons the most promising course ever conceived.

THOMAS HARDY.

To be loved we should merit but little esteem; all superiority attracts awe and aversion.

CLAUDE ADRIEN HELVÉTIUS.

CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul; passion the voice of the body.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

LOVE is a smoke made with the fumes of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourished by lovers' tears.
What else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER yet was known the power could vanished love recall.

CHARLES DICKENS.

O WALLY, waly, but love is bonnie

A little time while it is new!

But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,

And fadeth awa' like the morning dew.

OLD BALLAD.

To love is to admire with the heart ; to
admire is to love with the mind.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Love and Lordship hate companions.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE heart, in that celestial sphere of love,
is like the sun in its course. From the drop
on the rose to the ocean, all is for him a
mirror, which he fills and brightens.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

FOLLY was condemned to serve as guide to
Love, whom she had blinded.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

WHEN the heart is still agitated by the re-
mains of a passion, we are more ready to
receive a new one than when we are entirely
cured.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Love flies with bow unstrung when Time
appears,

And trembles at the assault of heavy years ;
A few bright feathers bear him on his flight
Quite beyond call, but not forgotten quite.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THOSE who feign love succeed better than
those who truly love.

ANONYMOUS



✓) WHATEVER, below God, is the object of our
love will, at some time or other, be the mat-
ter of our sorrow.

LORD CECIL.

✓ CERTAINLY the lover is no lover, or but a
very small-hearted one, who does not see
much beauty in the faults of the mistress
of his affections.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 't is too
late

When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOVE is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ONLY the victims of love know how to
soften its pains.

MADAME DE GRAFFIGNY.

WE shall have to take our stand amongst
the doomed victims of Cupid.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

SOMEHOW love gives even to a dull man
the knowledge of his lover's heart.

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

— EXCESSIVE love in loathing ever ends.

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

AFFECTIONS, like the conscience, are rather
to be led than drawn; and 't is to be feared
that they who marry where they do not love,
will love where they do not marry.

THOMAS FULLER.

THE war of elements no fears impart
To love, whose deadliest bane is human art.

LORD BYRON.

THE first tear of love one causes to be
shed is a diamond, the second a pearl, the
third — a tear.

A. POINCELOT.

A LANGUID heart is tender; sadness makes
love ferment.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

'T WAS Love that made a God descend,
Stoop to our form, and for our sake
The cross and all its sorrows take.

ROMAN DE LA ROSE.

LOVE is a superstition that doth fear the
idol which itself hath made.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

A MAN's love will seldom stand analysis
well after he is twenty-five or thirty.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE supreme defies all sophistry.

GEORGE ELIOT.

GOD is love? Ah, yes! Look into a
lover's face, — bliss idealized, contentment
supreme, hope boundless, — in a word, all
the divine attributes in a single countenance.

SARAH L. MINCHLER.

A MAN does not entreat to love. It is the
irresistible impulse toward each other of two
souls, a union in which there is neither con-
scious giving nor receiving.

MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

LOVE which hath ends will have an end.

JOHN DRYDEN.

LOVE will subsist on wonderfully little
hope, but not altogether without it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MAN's own heart must be ever given to
gain that of another.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WE are shaped and fashioned by what we
call love.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LOVE the sense of right and wrong confounds ;

Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.

JOHN DRYDEN.

WHERE we love much we always forgive,
because we ourselves are nothing, and what
we love is all.

OUIDA.

THE sense of the world is short, —

To love and be beloved.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LOVE is full of unbefitting strains ;
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain ;
Formed by the eye, and therefore, like the
eye ;
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of
forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll.

To ever varied objects in his glance.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WRINKLES are the grave of love.

JACQUES SARRAZIN.

How we cling to a thing our hearts have
nursed !

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

VULGAR love, like vulgar ambition, may degrade the possessor and ruin others, but true love ennobles him who feels it, and exalts its object beyond all else.

LADY COOK.

WHAT LOVE CAN DO.

It is by means of this divine passion that the world is kept ever fresh and young. It is the perpetual melody of humanity. It sheds an effulgence upon youth, and throws a halo round age. It glorifies the present by the light it casts backward, and it lightens the future by the beams it casts forward. The love which is the outcome of esteem and admiration has an elevating and purifying effect on the character. It tends to emancipate one from the slavery of self. It is altogether unsordid; itself is its only price. It inspires gentleness, sympathy, mutual faith and confidence. True love, also, in a measure elevates the intellect. "All love renders wise in a degree," says the poet Browning; and the most gifted minds have been the sincerest lovers. Great souls make all affections great; they elevate and consecrate all true delight. The senti-

ment even brings to light qualities before lying dormant and unsuspected. It elevates the aspirations, expands the soul, and stimulates the mental powers. One of the finest compliments ever paid to a woman was that of Steele, when he said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings that "to have loved her was a liberal education." Viewed in this light, woman is an educator in the highest sense, because, above all other educators, she educates humanly and lovingly. It has been said that no man and no woman can be regarded as complete in their experience of life until they have been subdued into union with the world through their affections. As woman is not woman until she has known love, neither is man man. Both are requisite to each other's completeness. Plato entertained the idea that lovers each sought a likeness in the other, and that love was only the divorced half of the original human being entering into union with its counterpart. But philosophy would here seem to be at fault, for affection quite as often springs from unlikeness as from likeness in its object. The true union must needs be one of mind as well as one of heart,

✓ and based upon mutual esteem as well as mutual affection. "No true and enduring love," says Fichte, "can exist without esteem; every other draws regret after it, and is unworthy of any noble human soul." One cannot really love the bad, but always something which we esteem and respect as well as admire. In short, true love must rest on qualities of character, which rule in domestic as in public life. But there is something far more than mere respect and esteem in the union between man and wife. The feeling on which it rests is far deeper and tenderer,—such indeed as never exists between men or between women. "In matters of affection," says Nathaniel Hawthorne, "there is always an impassable gulf between man and man. They can never quite grasp each other's hands, and therefore man never derives any intimate help, any heart-sustenance, from his brother man, but from woman,—his mother, his sister, or his wife." Man enters a new world of joy and sympathy and human interest through the porch of love.

SAMUEL SMILES.

XI.

YOUNG men and maidens are formally trained to consider love as something distinct from marriage, owing to the examples they see around them in every-day life, and still more to the light literature of all languages.

MAX NORDAU.

LOVE without veneration and enthusiasm is only friendship.

GEORGE SAND.

LOVE lurks in out-of-the-way places and mopes, and he rarely springs out suddenly on unwary youth and maid, as he used to in the good old days before Darwin and La Rochefoucauld destroyed the beauty of the body and the beauty of the Soul.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

NEVER self-possessed or prudent, love is all abandonment.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A LOVER is, the more he's brave
T' his mistress, but the more a slave.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE manner of the market, honest sirs,
'T is hard to quit when you behold the wares.
You flatter us, or perchance our milliners
You flatter ; so this vain and outworn she
May still be the charmed snake to your soft
airs !

A higher Lord than Love claim we.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

PITY often gives birth to love.

MADAME DE SARTORY.

LOVE sought is good, but given unsought
is better.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IN a multitude of cases this show of love
in others tends to increase prodigiously our
inborn affection for ourselves.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE delights only in beauty and virtue,
hates the deformity of vice, and of that
brutish lust which distinguisheth not of
honor or justice.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

ALAS ! what else is love but sorrow even ?
He who made earth in love had soon to
grieve

Above its first and best inhabitants.

LORD BYRON.

Vows are the false money that pays for the sacrifices of love.

NINON DE LENCLOS.

STOLEN waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.

BIBLE.

It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WHEN love increases, prudence decreases.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

LOVE, however, must not (as often imagined) pass for the sole emotion which evinces heart.

GEORGE DARLEY.

LOVE's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LOVE is like fire. Wounds of fire are hard to bear; harder still are those of love.

HJALMAR HJÖRTH BOYESSEN.

LOVE is a necessity to sensitive people; attention satisfies the vain.

DR. HENRY EARLE.

TRUE love is never the parent of lasciviousness.
FREDERICK WOLTMANN.

LOVE is the great regulator of the life of the race, the impelling force which promotes the perfecting of the species, and tries to prevent its physical decay. MAX NORDAU.

THE heart can ne'er a transport know that never feels a pain. LORD LYTTELTON.

FOR the saddest of love is love grown cold, and 't is one of its surest phases.
H. MILLARD.

I HAD rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AS the nature of love is divine, that is to say, immortal, when we think we have destroyed it, we have only buried it in our hearts.
GEORGE SAND.

REMOVE the temptation of idleness, and Cupid's bow is useless. P. OVIDIUS NASO.

THE affection which links together man and wife is a far holier and more enduring passion than the enthusiasm of young love.
L. W. YAGGY.

MOST women regard the manifest desire of their lovers as a compliment rather than as an affront to their modesty.

ARTHUR STANWOOD.

THE "first love which is infinite" can be followed by no second like unto it.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE platform or the altar of love may be analyzed and explained ; it is constructed of virtue, beauty, and affection. Such is the pyre, such is the offering ; but the ethereal spark must come from heaven that lights the sacrifice.

JANE PORTER.

SOMETIMES we must have love, either as a desirable good or an inevitable evil.

COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN.

To be in love with a woman is the nearest approach to happiness, and to be out of love with her whom you have once loved, is supreme misery.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

WHEN words we want, love teacheth to indite ;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TRUE, the poisonous breath of the world destroys our illusions, but they resuscitate at once when a ray of love falls upon our benumbed hearts, as the warmth of the sun revives the poor flowers withered by the ices of winter.

J. DE FINOD.

I DO not mean to say that principle is not a finer thing than passion; but passions existed before principles, — they came into the world with us; principles are super-induced.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

HE who loves, as well as he who dies, needs no other wing by which to soar from earth to heaven.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

LOVE well, whip well. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE punishment of those who have loved women too much is to love them always.

JOSEPH JOUBERT.

MYSTERIOUS love ! uncertain treasure !

Hast thou more of pain or pleasure ?

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LOVE vows are the Archimedean lever by means of which libertines overturn lives.

SAMUEL GRAVES.

THE love which giveth all, forgiveth aught.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

LOVE is composed of so many sensations
that something new of it can always be said.

ANTOINE JEAN CASSÉ DE SAINT-PROSPER.

LOVE not only occupies the higher lobes
of the brain, but crowds out the lower to
make room for its expansion.

HORACE MANN.

LOVE is thus not love of the beautiful only,
but the love of generation and birth in
beauty.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

THE bloom of young Desire and purple
light of Love.

THOMAS GRAY.

LOVE, unrest, and sorrow always journey
together.

PROVERB.

To witness two lovers is a spectacle for
the gods.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

FIRST love is an instinct, — at once a gift
and a sacrifice. Every other is a philosophy,
— a bargain.

A. S. HARDY.

INCONSTANCY in love is sometimes due to
levity of mind, but oftener to satiety.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE heart needs not for its heaven much space, nor many stars therein, if only the star of love has arisen.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THE love of man, in his mature years, is not so much a new emotion as a revival and concentration of all his departed affection towards others.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

TRUE love is still the same, the torrid zones,
And those more rigid ones,
It must not know ;
For love grown cold or hot
Is lust or friendship, not
The thing we show.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

LOVE makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood : as the Emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age, in purple.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

It is a delusion to imagine that the human spirit is led to discover divine truths by amorous enthusiasm for a fellow-creature, however refined that impulse may be.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

LOVE is electricity. Two telegrams are enough to settle the business,—one from the eyes of the man, the other from those of the woman.

MARIE CORELLI.

O LOVE, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVERS have proverbial power of balancing inverted pyramids, going to sea in sieves, and successfully performing other kindred feats impossible to a faithless and unbelieving generation.

L. MALET.

LOVE is old, old as eternity, but not outworn ;
With each new being born or to be born.

LORD BYRON.

LET her become a charmer and she becomes a boxer and bruiser.

SHAIKH SADI.

THE human heart is like heaven ; the more angels the more room.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

O LOVE ! Only a few rays of thy sacred fire radiate in this exhausted world.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE

PERHAPS love is only the highest symbol of friendship, as all other things seem symbols of love.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE world is divided into two armies. Men make offensive war, women defensive. Love exalts and excites the two parties. They meet hand to hand. Love throws himself into their midst, agitating his torch, but the struggle differs from other battles, — instead of destroying, it multiplies the combatants.

SYLVAIN MARÉCHAL.

AH ! the spendthrift, love ; it gives all and everything with the first sigh.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

A GUARDIAN angel, I 'll watch o'er
Thy soul, and every harm repel ;
But in return I still implore,
Oh, love me truly, — love me well.

E. GOLA.

LOVE consists of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying — and a deal of lying.

ANONYMOUS.

It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

IN order that a love letter may be what it should be, one should begin it without knowing what he is going to say, and end it without knowing what he has said.

HORACE NAPOLEON RAISSON.

LOVE is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE men of to-day think it fair sport to trifle with a pretty woman now and then.

MARIE CORELLI.

THE worst of all *mésalliances* is that of the heart.

SÉBASTIEN ROCHE NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

HUMAN nature in its fulness is necessarily human; without love, it is inhuman.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LET no man shut the door if Love should come to call, as it will do no good at all.

RODRIGO COLA DE COTA.

THE love of home is strong, and the love of country is strong; but the love of God is supreme, and vitalizes all other loves.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

LOVE is an image of God, and not a lifeless image ; not one painted on paper, but the living essence of the divine nature, which beams full of all goodness.

MARTIN LUTHER.

CUPID VERSUS THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

LET us suppose for a moment (impossible supposition !) that mankind could conceivably divest itself of "these foolish notions about love and the tastes of young people," and could hand over the choice of partners for life to a committee of anthropologists. Would the committee manage things, I wonder, very much better than the Creator has managed them? Where would they obtain that intimate knowledge of individual structures and functions and differences which would enable them to join together in holy matrimony fitting and complementary idiosyncrasies? Is a living man, with all his organs and powers and faculties and dispositions, so simple and easy a problem to read that anybody else can readily undertake to pick out off-hand a helpmeet for him? I trow not ! A man is not a horse or

a terrier. You cannot discern his "points" by simple inspection. . . . It is the moralists and the doctrinaires who are always in the wrong; it is the sentimentalists and the rebels who are always in the right in this matter. If the common moral maxims of society could have had their way; if we had all chosen our wives and our husbands, not for their beauty or their manliness, not for their eyes or their mustaches, not for their attractiveness or their vivacity, but for their "sterling qualities of mind and character," — we should now doubtless be a miserable race of prigs and bookworms, of martinets and puritans, of nervous invalids and feeble idiots. It is because our young men and maidens will not hearken to these penny-wise apothegms of shallow sophistry — because they often prefer *Romeo and Juliet* to the *Whole Duty of Man*, and a beautiful face to a round balance at Coutts's — that we still preserve some vitality and some individual features, in spite of our grinding and crushing civilization. The men who marry balances, as Mr. Galton has shown, happily die out, leaving none to represent them; the men who marry women they

have been weak enough and silly enough to fall in love with recruit the race with fine and vigorous and intelligent children, fortunately compounded of the complementary traits derived from two fairly contrasted and mutually reinforcing individualities.

GRANT ALLEN.

XII.

THERE are no oaths that make so many perjurers as the vows of love.

ROCHEBRUNE.

ALICE sighed. . . . "I only meant that womanliness was made perfect by love, by marriage." I observed that you could have a very nice fire without burning the house down.

BARRY PAIN.

CAN it be true, as is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls? I doubt it exceedingly.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LOVE is eternally awake, never tired with labor, nor oppressed with affliction, nor discouraged with fear.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

LOVE is vanity ;

SELFISH in its beginning as in its end.

LORD BYRON.

"THE honeymoon" is thus called because it is so sweet compared with the bitter months that follow.

JUNIUS HENRI BBROWNE.

DESPOT as he is, with all his huge blunders and strange tyrannies, Love is perhaps the most welcome and beneficent guest that knocks at the door of the human heart.

ANONYMOUS.

CUPID fastens on the shackles and Hymen ties the victim to the stake.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
And afore you're off wi' the auld love,
It's best to be on wi' the new.

OLD SCOTCH SONG.

IN love we never think of moral qualities, and scarcely of intellectual ones. Temperament and manner, with beauty, excite love.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

LOVE has the tendency of pressing together all the lights, all the rays issued by the beloved object, by the burning glass of fantasy, into one focus, and making of them one radiant sun without spots.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

WHOEVER cannot conceal cannot love.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES.

LOVE is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THERE is no direr disaster in love than the death of imagination.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LOVE? But whom? It is not worth while to love for a time, and to love forever is impossible.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

YOUNG love-making, that gossamer web! even the points it clings to—the things whence its subtle interlacings are swung—are scarcely perceptible.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Is not every true lover a martyr?

J. C. HARE.

OF all earthly music that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LOVE, a penurious god, very niggard of his opportunities, must be watched like a hard-hearted treasurer.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE complement of love is passion.

GEOURGE SAND.

THE chemist of love transmutes this perishing
mould,

Made out of mire, into purest gold. HAFIZ.

HUMBLE love, and not proud science,
keeps the door of heaven. EDWARD YOUNG.

THAT desire for isolation from the society
of noble womanhood is pretty well known to
come from a quality of soul which does not
love to look its victim in the face.

DAVID SWING.

WHO hath not loved,
Hath groped among the shadows of the night,
Hath missed from joyous day its gracious
light.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN two beings are united in love, all
social conventionalities are suspended.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

LOVE is too precious to be named,
Save with a reverence deep and high.

ALICE CARY.

WE never desire ardently what we desire
rationally. FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

MEN and women existed before creeds;
love is the only religion.

MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

LOVE looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind,

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE delights in paradoxes. Saddest when
it has most reason to be gay, sighs are the
signs of its deepest joy, and silence the ex-
pression of its yearning tenderness. BOVEE.

WHO shall say whether the Platonic ideal
evolved from the old Greek chivalry was ever
realized in actual experience?

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THERE is so little to redeem the dry mass
of follies and errors that make up so much
of life, that anything to love or reverence
becomes, as it were, a sabbath to the soul.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THE first symptom of true love in a young
man is timidity ; in a girl it is boldness. The
two sexes have a tendency to approach, and
each assumes the qualities of the other.

VICTOR HUGO.

WHO never loved, ne'er suffered ; he feels
nothing,

Who nothing feels but for himself alone.

EDWARD YOUNG.

SUITS in love should not, like suits in law,
be racked from term to term.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

LOVE is the light, the majesty of life, that
principle to which, after all our struggling
and writhing and twisting, all things must be
resolved.

T. L. HAINES.

HE who renounces love for self-love com-
mits moral suicide.

DR. HENRY EARLE.

NOTHING is difficult to love ; it will make a
man cross his own inclinations to please
those whom he loves.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

— LOVE run to license ends in *ennui*.

WALTER HARCOURT.

THE heart of a man with whom affection is
not a name, and love a mere passion of the
hour, yearns toward the quiet of a home as
toward the goal of his earthly joy and hope.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

LOVE is the road to God ; for love, end-
less love, is Himself.

SONNENBERG.

OH ! that the year were ever vernal !
And lovers' youthful dreams eternal !

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion who did not feel humbled — delighted in that humility — by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship.

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

IN love choose a mother's daughter,
though the father were the devil.

GAELIC PROVERB.

I HATE a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent of the bounty of his mistress.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

LOVE is a game of hide-and-seek between egotism and policy, desire being the motive and possession the aim.

CLAYTON BEMIS.

WHAT is love? Two souls and one flesh.

JOSEPH ROUX.

LOVE, like a shadow, flies when substance
love pursues ;

Pursuing that which flies, and flying what
pursues.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE is a thing most nice, and must be fed to such a height, but never surfeited ; what is beyond the mean is ever ill.

ROBERT HERRICK.

It is not true that love has a time more or less limited to reign in the heart ; that after a season of *éclat* and intoxication its decline is inevitable.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

THE only thing that can hallow marriage is love, and the only genuine marriage is that which is hallowed by love.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOI.

THE poor girl pretends affection for the money-bag, the wooer makes a false display of love for the gold-fish he has caught.

MAX NORDAU.

LOVE may be found in the heart of an anchorite ; never in the heart of a libertine.

E. LEGOUVÉ.

TO-MORROW comes, — I swear once more,
But find I cannot keep my vow ;
I see the girl whom I adore,
And, oh ! can I resist her now ?

FRENCH SONG.

THE King of passions, who hath sway
Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,
Ruler of Pleasure's realm.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

LOVE, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness ; but any cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion only argues little understanding or great insincerity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LOVE and toothache have many cures, but none infallible except possession and dispossession.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ONE loves because he loves ; this explanation is, as yet, the most serious and the most decisive that has been found for the solution of this problem.

ANONYMOUS.

GREAT love is sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

JOHN DRYDEN.

LOVE will make men dare to die for their beloved, — love alone ; and women as well as men.

PLATO.

JEALOUSY is the forerunner of love, and sometimes its awakener.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

THANK God for Love ; though Love may hurt and wound.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

YOUR wide heaven of study, young man,
will soon reduce itself to the miserable narrow
expanse of her face, and your myriad of
stars to her two trumpery eyes.

THOMAS HARDY.

VENUS was the daughter of the waves.
She gave birth to Love. We can expect
nothing but tempest from a daughter of
the sea.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE must always be increasing or diminishing.

CODE OF LOVE, MIDDLE AGES. —

LOVE and love only is the loan of love.

EDWARD YOUNG.

ONE expresses well only the love he does
not feel.

ALPHONSE KARR.

LOVE's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE is the union of a want and a sentiment.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

ICH habe geliebt und gelebt ! geliebt und
gelebt ! geliebt und gelebt !

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

LOVE dies by satiety, and forgetfulness
inters it. DU CŒUR.

It is strange that men will talk of miracles,
revelations, inspirations, and the like, as
things past, while love remains.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

LOVE one human being with warmth and
constancy, and thou wilt love the world.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

LOVE THROUGH CARLYLE'S GLASSES.

"IF in youth," writes he once, "the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (Personlichkeit) is ever holy to us; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in the bonds of Love; but it is in the approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Nega-

tive and Positive, first burns out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us? Is it not rather our heart-felt wish to be made one with him; to unite him to us by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him? But how much more in the case of the Like-Unlike! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate Love. In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor in the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of that Garden, is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier, if Cherubim and a Flaming Sword divide it from all footsteps of men; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when Shame is still an impassable celestial

barrier; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free! As for our young Forlorn," continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, "in his secluded way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy the more fiery that it burnt under cover, as a reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them; to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-colored angel-plumage; or hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*; all of air they were, all Soul and Form; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob's ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*) *Ach Gott!* how could he hope it; should he not have died under it? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought. . . . But now if on a soul so circumstanced some actual Air-maiden incorporated into tangibility and

reality, should cast an electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, Thou too mayst love and be loved ; and so kindle him, — good Heaven, what a volcanic, earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably kindled !

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XIII.

PASSION is too often love without character.

FREDERICK WOLTMANN.

To see each other, to profess to love each other, to prove it, to quarrel, to hate, then to separate, that one may seek a new love : this is the history of a moment, and of every day in the comedy of the world.

BERNARD DE VARENNES.

If fun is good, truth is still better, and love best of all.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MORALISTS have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE course of true love never did run smooth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

O HEART, love is thy bane and thy antidote.

GEORGE SAND.

It is truly remarkable what a hand the devil has in Christian love.

MRS. HENRY FRERES.

CUPID is no society parvenu; he is no respecter of costumes.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

LOVE, pure and innocent, exists not long,
Save in the mind where worth and wisdom
dwell.

ALAIN CHARTIER.

LOVE cannot clasp all it yearns for in its bosom without first suffering for it.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LOVE is to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

LOVE depends on the *loving*, and not on the loved.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

WHAT is it that love does to a woman?
Without it she only sleeps; with it alone
she lives.

OUIDA.

Boy love is like a balloon, — prick it, and the wind's all out.

FREDERICK WOLTMANN.

A MAN, if he be strong and healthy, is always more or less ashamed when love, with a single effort, proves him to be weaker than a blade of grass swaying in the wind.

MARIE CORELLI.

O HUMAN love ! thou spirit given
On earth of all we hope in Heaven !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

✓ LOVE is a beggar, who still begs when one
has given him everything. ROCHEPÈDRE.

BEFORE we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it ;
But she that once has tried it
Will never love again.

JOHN DRYDEN.

LOVE spares no loved one from loving.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

THERE are no obligations among those
who love.

HALL CAINE.

HE who is intoxicated with wine will be
sober again in the course of the night, but
he who is intoxicated by the cup-bearer
will not recover his senses until the day of
judgment.

SHAIKH SADI.

LOVE thrives best on simple diet and
plenty of it.

SARAH L. MINCHLER.

LOVE, and you shall be loved. All love
is mathematically just, as much as the two
sides of an algebraic equation.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

an'toy 8000p

OUR first love and last love is self-love.

BOVEE.

LOVE is the most intense desire of the soule to enjoy beauty, and wheare it is reciprocal, it is the most entire and exact union of harts.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

LOVE, like fortune, turns upon a wheel, and is very much given to rising and falling.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

IT is more common to see an extreme love than a perfect friendship.

DU CŒUR.

THE quarrels of lovers bring about a renewal of love.

P. TERENTIUS AFER.

AH, Mary! sad the lot reserved for me,
Deceived by love and by the world and thee!

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

PLEASING manners and a handsome figure conciliate love.

P. OVIDIUS NASO.

THE cunning lover is less successful than the passionate one.

SARAH L. MINCHLER.

LOVE begins with the blood and ends with the blood, — fever and ague, you know.

ARTHUR STANWOOD.

LOVE is the same in all.

P. VIRGILIUS MARO.

FLOWERS are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
Oh, the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

I THINK we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we loved each other.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THOU who art the slave of thine own
precious self playest false in the affairs of
love.

SHAIKH SADI.

THE greatest misfortune one can wish his
enemy is that he may love without being
loved in return.

LABOUISSÉ.

CUPID's butt-shaft is too hard for Her-
cules' club.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NOTHING is sweeter than love, nothing
stronger, nothing higher, nothing wider,
nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or
better in heaven or in earth.

MARIE CORELLI.

IN modern times the purity of chivalrous love has been almost universally suspected.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

So love's inflamed shaft or brand
May kill soon as Death's cold hand,
Except Love's fires the virtues have
To fight the frost out of the grave.

BEN JONSON.

To swear to love always is to affirm that
two beings essentially changeable will never
change.

ANONYMOUS.

IN jealousy there is more self-love than
love.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

WE can sometimes love what we do not
understand, but it is impossible completely
to understand what we do not love.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

LOVE must be taken by stratagem, not by
open force.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

STRONG love paralyzes the vocal cords,
leaving the functions of speech to looks,
hugs, and osculation.

SARAH L. MINCHLER.

THOUGHT is the slave of the heart.

J. DE FINOD.

THE most likely method we can take to hasten the removal of what we love is to value it too much, — to think on it with endless anxiety, to live on its favor with solicitude. It shall soon either become a thorn in our side, or be taken away.

LORD CECIL.

WHO loves his own sweet shadow in the streets

Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE beautye of the boddy gives the beginning of love.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

LOVE is a canvas furnished by Nature and embroidered by imagination.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

LOVE is the virtue of women.

GEORGE SAND.

IT is comparatively easy to leave a mistress, but very hard to be left by one.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LOVE is the craving to be whole, and the truest marriage is the completest wholeness.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

WITH love come life and hope.

JOHN STERLING.

HE who hath love in his heart hath spurs
in his sides.

ITALIAN PROVERB.

I HAVE enjoyed the happiness of the
world : I have lived and loved.—

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

LOVE is the poetry of the senses.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

WE love those who admire us, but not
those whom we admire.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

A WOMAN who loves has no pity except
for her love ; all her feelings of charity,
kindness, good-nature, and pity, and devo-
tion are concentrated in one individual and
only one.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

BETWEEN the mouth and the kiss there
is always time for repentance.

ANTOINE RICARD.

WELL I know what gift to choosc,
Yet it is a gift to lose.
Take an ill all ills above,
Take from her the power to love.

M. E. JERSEY.

— CALF love, half love ; old love, cold love.

PROVERB.

ABSENCE is to love what wind is to a fire :
it quenches the small flame and quickens
the large.

COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN.

IF a man loves a woman for her beauty,
does he love her? No ; for the small-pox,
which destroys her beauty without killing
her, causes his love to cease.

BLAISE PASCAL.

NOTHING makes love sweeter and tenderer
than a little previous scolding and freezing.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

LOVE seldom haunts the breast where learn-
ing lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can arise.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LIFE, I repeat, is energy of Love,
Divine or human.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FAITH is love taking the form of aspiration.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

LOVE is deemed the tenderest of our af-
fections, as even the blind and deaf know ;
but I know, what few believe, that true
friendship is more tender still.

AUGUST, COUNT VON PLATEN.

You can't even understand all that a young, inexperienced, badly brought-up boy may mistake for love !

IVAN TURGENEV.

AIRS OF MARRIED LOVE.

I CANNOT say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit is an error of quite a different description,—it is that they are too loving. Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world. But what I complain of is that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without

being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence while implied or taken for granted merely: but expressed there is much offence in them. . . . The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought to insult me may accidentally improve me: and in the rich man's houses and pictures, his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult. Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favored neighbors, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces. Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which

beam in the countenances of a new-married couple, — in that of the lady particularly : it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world ; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none ; nor wishes either, perhaps ; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed. . . . But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves, when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are, — that every street and blind alley swarms with them, — that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance, — that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains, — how often they turn out ill and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc., — I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young Phoenixes, indeed, that were born but once in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common —

CHARLES LAMB.

XIV.

ALMOST every healthy normal man or woman has probably fallen in love over and over again in the course of a lifetime.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE greatest miracle of love is that it cures coquetry.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

WHAT a miserable world ! — trouble if we love, and trouble if we do not love.

COUNT DE MAISTRE.

THERE is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love — the first fluttering of its silken wings — the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul to purify or to destroy.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WE never love truly but once. It is the first time. Succeeding passions are less involuntary.

DU CŒUR.

IF Jack's in love he is no Judge of Gill's
Beauty.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

MANY erroneous things have been written
and said by the sages, but never did they
float a greater fallacy than that love serves
as a stimulus to win the loved one by patient
toil.

THOMAS HARDY.

WE love in others what we lack ourselves,
And would be everything but what we are.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE great generals of love never resort to
siege tactics: there is more danger that
they will run out of ammunition than the
besieged.

ARTHUR STANWOOD.

LOVE shows his vengeful power, making
us proudly to understand that his arrows can
fall from his hand like heaven's bolts.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

WHOEVER lives true life will love true love.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

HEAR, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do.
Fear the fierceness of the boy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

LOVE is a secret no man knows
Till it within his bosom glows.

PROVERB.

THE sentiment felt for the loved one is
not the same after possession as it was
before.

MAX NORDAU.

ALAS, then, love may be called appetite —
No motion of the liver, but the palate.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE, — life's monotony divided by two.
Marriage, — the same divided by two — or
more.

M. FREDERICKS.

THE first sound is the song of love !
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE attraction of love, I find, is in in-
verse proportion to the attraction of the
Newtonian philosophy.

ROBERT BURNS.

YES, — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still ;
But surely 't is the worst of pain
To love and not be loved again.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE, cough, and a smoke can't well be hid.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

SINGING in lovely words the praise of Love
To music of invisible sweet chords.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

As long as the heart preserves desire, the
mind preserves illusion.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

MEN, as a rule, love most what they can
afford to despise and have no cause what-
ever to envy.

OUIDA.

LOVE is of the nature of a burning glass,
which, kept still in one place, fireth ; changed
often, it, doth nothing.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WHAT mole can be so blind as a woman
in love ?

NINON DE LENCLOS.

WHAT a happiness to be loved ! and to
love, ye gods, what bliss !

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LOVE seizes on us suddenly, without giving
warning, and our disposition or our weakness
favors the surprise ; one look, one glance
from the fair, fixes and determines us.

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

LOVE can make us fiends as well as angels.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LOVE, which is such a little thing, is still
the most serious thing in life.

PIERRE ÉDOUARD LEMONTEY.

LOVE not thyself or give thy humors way ;
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THERE is, in human nature, an essential,
though somewhat mysterious, connection of
love with fear.

HENRY TAYLOR.

GRIEF indeed is love, and grief beside.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LOVE is love only when it is the sacrifice
of one's self.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOI.

To talk in a *tête-à-tête* of the mysteries
of love is to play with fire on a barrel of
gunpowder.

LÉVIS.

THE dogma of Papal Infallibility would
never have been propounded had it not
been for Papal celibacy.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

LOVE never dies of starvation, but often
of indigestion.

NINON DE LENCLOS.

WHOSO believes in the freedom of the
will has never loved and never hated.

MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

EVERY man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LOVE rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below and saints above ;
For love is heaven and heaven is love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOVE is but the embellishment of man's early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts.

L. W. YAGGY.

LOVE, the triumphant, unperishing Spring
Who every year new charms doth bring.

MARIE CORELLI.

LOVE, Love, my Love,
The best things are the truest.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

To enlarge or illustrate this power of the effects of love is to set a candle in the sun.

ROBERT BURTON.

OH ! there 's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather !

THOMAS HOOD.

THE darts of love are blunted by maiden modesty.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

It is as difficult to condemn illicit loves
by the laws of nature as it is easy by human
laws.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

To love, even if not beloved, is to have
the sweetest of faiths, and riches fineless,
which nothing can take from us but our own
unworthiness.

LEIGH HUNT.

WHY come ye not to court?

JOHN SKELTON.

BUT Pleasure's tents approach not nigh,

Or all is lost, — in time beware !

Unless thou walk'st in panoply

Far from Love's dangerous glances fly.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

NOTHING in love can be premeditated ;
it is as a power divine, that thinks and feels
within us, unswayed by our control.

MADAME DE STAËL.

THE difference between love and posses-
sion is that one is an infinite desire and
the other a satisfied desire.

ANTOINE JEAN CASSÉ DE SAINT-PROSPER.

LOVE is the dawn of marriage, and mar-
riage is the sunset of love.

ANONYMOUS

IMPARADISED in one another's arms.

JOHN MILTON.

THERE is no release in this world, or in the next, from the restraints of law and the constraints of duty, save in love.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

LOVE often makes a poet ; herself a wonder, she works wonders.

FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON BODENSTEDT.

LOVE is a boy by poets spoiled.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

WHEN the intoxication of love has passed, we laugh at the perfections it had discovered.

NINON DE LENCLOS.

A THOUSAND heralds proclaim love to the listening air ; a thousand messengers betray it to the eye.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LOVE is a religion of which the great pontiff is Nature.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE should have some rest and pleasure in himself,

Not ever be too curious for a boon,
Too prurient for a proof against the grain
Of him ye say ye love.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

GIVE all to Love,
'Tis a brave master ;
Let it have scope,
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope,
Leave all for Love.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE deeper the love, the more exacting
it is.

GEORGE SAND.

THE brains of my Cupid's knock'd out ;
and I begin to love as an old man loves
money, with no stomach.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IN love let us make no vows, but let us
act as if we had.

ROCHEPÈDRE.

LEARN that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man : it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him ; but his own love
bestowed

Shall do it.

JEAN INGELow.

THE desire to be beloved is ever restless
and unsatisfied ; but the love that flows out
upon others is a perpetual wellspring from
on high.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

✓ LOVE is the offspring of chance ; its nurse
is habit. FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE true heart wears always the veil of
modesty (not of prudery, which is a dingy,
iron, repulsive screen).

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THUS follow all of mortal breath
The dance of Fortune, Love, and Death.

PIERRE MICHAULT.

/ THE beginning and end of love are
marked by the embarrassment felt when the
parties are left to themselves.

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

LOVE FOR ONE'S NEIGHBOR.

YE throng round your neighbor and have
fine words for that. But I tell you, your
love for your neighbor is your bad love for
yourselves. Ye flee from yourselves unto
your neighbor, and would fain make a virtue
thereof ; but I see through your "unselfish-
ness." The thou is older than the I ; the
thou hath been proclaimed holy, but the I
not ; man thus thrusteth himself upon his

neighbor. Do I counsel you to love your neighbor? I rather counsel you to flee from your neighbor and to love the most remote. Love unto the most remote future man is higher than love unto your neighbor. And I consider love unto things and ghosts to be higher than love unto men. This ghost which marcheth before thee, my brother, is more beautiful than thou art. Why dost thou not give him thy flesh and thy bones? Thou art afraid, and fleest unto thy neighbor. Unable to endure yourselves, and not loving yourselves enough, you seek to wheedle your neighbor into loving you, and thus to gild you with his error. Would that ye could not endure any kind of your neighbors and their neighbors; were that so, ye would need to create your friend and his enthusiastic heart out of yourselves. Ye invite a witness, if ye wish to speak well of yourselves, and having wheedled him into thinking well of you, ye think well of yourselves also. Not only doth he lie who speaketh contrary to his knowledge, but still he who speaketh contrary to his not-knowledge. Thus ye speak of yourselves in company and deceive your neighbors as yourselves. Thus saith the fool :

“Intercourse with men spoileth character, especially if ye have none.” One goeth unto the neighbor because he seeketh himself, another because he wishes to lose himself. Your bad love for yourselves maketh for yourselves a prison out of solitude. It is the more remote who pay for your love unto your neighbor; and whenever there are five of you together the sixth must die. I like not your festivals: I have found there too many actors, and the spectators also often behaved like actors. I teach you not the neighbor, but the friend. Let the friend be for you the festival of earth and a foretaste of beyond-man. I teach you the friend and his too-full heart. But one must know how to be a sponge, if one would be loved by too-full hearts. I teach you the friend in whom there standeth the world finished, a husk of the good,—the creative friend who hath ever a finished world in his gift. And as, for him, the world hath unrolled itself, so it rolleth itself up again in rings,—being the growth of good out of evil, the growth of purposes out of chance. Let the future and the most remote be for thee the cause of thy to-day; in thy friend thou shalt love beyond-

man as thy cause. My brethren, I counsel
you not to love your neighbor, I counsel you
to love those who are the most remote.
Thus spake Zarathustra.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

XV.

THE vagaries of love are often cherished rather than regretted.

FREDERICK WOLTMANN.

LOVE is like the spirit in Ezekiel's wheels, that made them move so swiftly; so that dulness, sluggishness, and wearisomeness is quickly dispelled by heavenly love, as the ice is presently dissolved by the sunbeams.

ANTHONY BURGESS.

THE morals of Christendom concede the facts, both in practice and theory, that love can cease to exist, that one can love repeatedly, and that fidelity need not survive love.

MAX NORDAU.

THE worst of it is, girls look upon it as right that every lover should be a little maddish.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

LOVE is like understanding, that grows bright gazing on many things.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

LOVE, like axioms, cannot be demonstrated.

ANONYMOUS.

It is a fever which tests our strength and too often leads to perdition.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE very pain of loving is all other joys before.

DR. WALTER SMITH.

LOVE is a forger of suspicions.

ITALIAN PROVERB.

THIS is the monstrosity of love, — that the will is infinite and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE with men is not a sentiment, but an idea.

MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

LOVE conquers all the world; let us too yield to love.

P. VIRGILIUS MARO.

GREAT souls are always loving souls.

DR. JOHN BRADFORD.

MAN, if he loves even selected individuals, can never love more than one.

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

LOVE without weaknesses is love without strength.

WALLACE MAXWELL.

MOST men need more love than they
deserve. MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

SUCCESSFUL love takes a load off our hearts
and puts it upon our shoulders. BOVEE.

It is impossible to love one who hates
you. VITTORIO ALFIERI.

CUT out the love of self, like an autumn
lotus, with thy hand. BUDDHA.

THOU know'st it is a blind and foolish pas-
sion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not
what. JOSEPH ADDISON.

To give, that is, to love ; to receive, that
is, to learn and love ; in delicate souls that
is to love already and much.

JOSEPH MARIE DE GERANDO.

HE who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove,
By firm resolve to conquer love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A YOUTH's love is the more passionate ;
virgin love is the more idolatrous.

AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

AND the ecstasy had not lasted. It never lasts. So surely as you go upward from one side of the hill, you must, when you have reached the summit, go downward on the other.

BARRY PAIN.

MUTUAL love brings mutual delight, —
Brings beauty, life ; — for love is life, hate,
death.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

LOVE ! Love ! Eternal enigma ! Will not the Sphinx that guards thee find an Œdipus to explain thee ?

FÉLIX PYAT.

COURTSHIP to marriage is a very witty prologue to a very dull play.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

LOVE is a reality which is born in the fairy region of romance.

CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND.

THE treasures of the deep are not so precious as are the concealed comforts of a man locked up in woman's love.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

SOLID love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.

ERASMUS.

LOVE one time layeth burdens, another time giveth wings.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

OUR love was like most other loves ;
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And, — “ Fly not yet ” — upon the river ;
Some jealousy of some one’s heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, — and then we parted.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

DIVORCE courts record the threads Love
fails to knot in splicing marriage bonds.

WALTER HARCOURT.

FEW things upon this earth are more to
be compassioned than the fond, vain yearn-
ings of an old man for continuance in full
of the loves which were inspired in his for-
mer time.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

THERE is music in the beauty, and the
silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter
than the sound of an instrument.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

A DISH o’ married love right soon grows
cauld,
And dosens down to nane as fouk grow
auld.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

LOVE rules the earth, subjects the heavens ;
kings are at his feet ; he controls the gods.

PIERRE CORNEILLE.

I ONLY know, I know I feel, though I
know not what I feel, the illusions of my
soul mock me so.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

HYMEN in these days is too often Love
ossified.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

WERE I to fall in love again (which is a
great passion, and therefore I hope I have
done with it), it would be, I think, with
prettiness rather than with majestic beauty.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

GOLD does not satisfy love, it must be
paid in its own coin.

MADAME DELUZY.

CUPID is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT a pleasant thing it is to love, when
there is no obstacle in the way of those
agreeable chains which bind together two
hearts.

J. B. POQUELIN MOLIERE.

QUARRELS of lovers — renewals of love.

PROVERB.

THE cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word "love."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IT is remarkable what vitality a good complexion often gives to love.

MRS. JAMES CLARKE.

So great a happiness do I esteem it to be loved that I really fancy every blessing both from gods and men ready to descend spontaneously upon him who is loved.

XENOPHON.

LOVE, of all tutors, is the one that most advances his pupils.

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN.

THE religion of humanity is love.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

CURSE on this love, this little scarecrow love ; that frights fools, with his painted bow of lath, out of their feeble senses.

THOMAS OTWAY.

THEY are the true disciples of Christ, not who know most, but who love most.

SPANHEIM.

Who slumbers here? — to ask how idly
vain !

Behold, 'tis Venus, — spare thy queen's
repose ;

Awake her not, thou may'st escape her chain,
But thou art lost if once her eyes unclose.

CLEMENT MAROT.

LOVE has no faith but faith in itself.

FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON BODENSTEDT.

LOVE is not to be reason'd down or lost
In high ambition or a thirst for greatness.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LOVE on his lips, and hatred in his heart ;
His motto — constancy ; his creed — to part.

LORD BYRON.

LOVE is a sleep ; love is a dream ; and
you have lived if you have loved.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

No one perfectly loves God who does not
perfectly love some of his creatures.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

AND Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight
Beneath the chestnut shade.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

WHEN there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE best lovers are the ones most easily duped, — another case of blindness.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

WHAT we all fall in love with, then, as a race, is in most cases efficiency and ability. What we each fall in love with individually is, I believe, our moral, mental, and physical complement.

GRANT ALLEN.

VARIETY's the very spice of life, that gives it all its flavor.

WILLIAM COWPER.

EGOTISM erects its centre in itself; love places it out of itself in the axis of the universal whole. Love aims at unity: egotism at solitude.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

MADE for love say teachers sage,
Is the springtime of our age;
If a longer time we wait,
We regret when 't is too late.

MONSIEUR DE LEYRE.

IN joining contrasts lieth love's delight.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

LOVE letters are the devil's tracts. Don't scatter them broadcast.

MRS. HENRY FRERES.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid and cold.

JOHN HAWKSWORTH.

VIRTUE and Love are two ogres : one must eat the other.

COMTESSE D'HOUDETOT.

THE heart will commonly govern the head ; and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will soon infatuate even the wisest of men ; therefore the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

DR. WATERLAND.

LOVE 's a capricious power ; I've known it hold

Out through a fever caused by its own heat ;
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat.

LORD BYRON.

MADAME, the sentence of this Latin is,
" Woman is mannes joy and mannes bliss."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

TRIFLES are the provender of love.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THOSE who yield their souls captive to the brief intoxication of love, if no higher and holier feeling mingle with and consecrate their dream of bliss, will shrink trembling from the pangs that attend their waking.

AUGUST WILHELM SCHLEGEL.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER.

THE idea that in this world each young person is to wait until he or she finds that precise counterpart, who alone of all creation was meant for him or her, and then fall instantly in love with it, is pretty enough, only it's not Nature's way. It is not at all essential that all pairs of human beings should be, as we sometimes say of particular couples, "born for each other." Sometimes a man or a woman is made a great deal better and happier in the end for having had to conquer the faults of the one we loved, and make the fitness not found at first, by gradual assimilation. There is a class of good women who have no right to marry perfectly good men, because they have the power of saving those who would go to ruin but for the guiding providence of a

good wife. I have known many such cases. It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves are beyond remedy and will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer and lift him to her own level. A person of *genius* should marry a person of *character*. Genius does not herd with genius. The musk-deer and the civet-cat are never found in company. They do not care for strange scents,—they like plain animals better than perfumed ones. Nay, if you will have the kindness to notice, Nature has not gifted my lady musk-deer with the personal peculiarity by which her lord is so widely known. Now, when genius allies itself with character, the world is very apt to think character has the best of the bargain. A brilliant woman marries a plain manly fellow with a simple intellectual mechanism; we have all seen such cases. The world often 'stares a good deal and wonders. She should have taken that other with a far more complex mental machinery. She might have had a watch with a philosophical compensation balance, with a metaphysical index, which can split a

second into tenths, with the musical chime which can turn every quarter of an hour into melody. She has chosen a plain one that keeps good time, and that is all. Let her alone! She knows what she is about. . . . Cornelia's lips grow white, and her pulse hardly warms her thin fingers, — but she has melted all the ice out of the hearts of those young Gracchi, and her lost heat is the blood of her youthful heroes. We are always valuing the soul's temperature by the thermometer of public deed or word. Yet the great sun himself, when he pours his noonday beams upon some vast hyaline boulder rent from the eternal ice-quarries and floating toward the tropics, never warms it a fraction above the thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit that mark the moment when the first drop trickled down its side.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XVI.

IN love affairs, from innocence to the
fault there is but a kiss.

ALBÉRIC SECOND.

INFIDELITIES rupture love ; little faults
wear it out.

COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN.

LOVE cannot perish ; what decays must
come to life again.

J. G. JACOBI.

RIGHT is with the strongest in love as in war,
And the woman we love will always be right.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

LOVE is ever the gift, the sacrifice of self.

CANON LIDDON.

IF we can still love those who have made
us suffer, we love them all the more. It is
as if the principle that conflict is a necessary
law of progress were applicable even to love.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

THE misfortune of those who have loved
is that they can find nothing to replace love.

CHARLES PINEAU DUCLOS.

LOVING goes by haps ;
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE lower a man descends in his love, the
higher he lifts his life.

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

THOUGH vices repel, they do not always
separate us from those we love.

MADAME DE RIEUX.

HADST thou but one perfection and seventy
faults, the lover could discern only that
one perfection.

SHAIKH SADI.

IN love, it is as it was with the thieves of
Sparta, — only the awkward are punished.

ANONYMOUS.

CASUAL disagreements have been con-
sidered as springs that give new force to
love ; and I believe they are so ; yet . . .
lovers will find that disagreements, if they
are too frequent, will at length lose their
elasticity and impel to love no more.

WILLIAM WYNDHAM GREVILLE.

LOVE, like society, has its tramps and free-
booters.

MADemoiselle LECLERC.

THAT happy minglement of hearts

Where, changed as chemic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far.

THOMAS MOORE.

THAT is the true season of love when we believe that we alone can love, that no one could ever have so loved before us, and that no one will love in the same way after us.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LOVE is strongest in pursuit, friendship in possession.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A YOUNG girl's love is a kind of piety. We must approach it with adoration if we are not to profane it, and with poetry if we are to understand it.

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

LOVE is master of the wisest. It is only fools who defy him.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LOVE fails to become threadbare or hackneyed, remains unrivalled, the dream or fondest realization of youth, the sunniest remembrance of old age, a power in the salon and in the slums.

EDWARD ROSCÖE.

LOVE is strong in its passion ; affection is powerful in its gentleness. JULES MICHELET.

LOVING souls are like paupers. They live on what is given them. MADAME SWETCHINE.

O LOVE, when thou findest thy true apostles on earth united in kisses, thou commandest their eyelids to close like veils, that they may not see their happiness. ALFRED DE MUSSET.

OH, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love ?
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOVE is the sister of Jealousy—as the angels are the brothers of the devil.
STANISLAS DE BOUFFLERS.

THE dignity of a crowned queen is capable of utterly dissolving and disappearing in a shower of tears, when Love's burning finger touches the pulse and marks its slow or rapid beatings.
MARIE CORELLI.

LOVE at two-and-twenty is a terrible intoxication. GIOVANNI DOMENICO RUFFINI.

— If men were animals without reason, they would love those whom they do love.
COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOI.

WHEN we have lived through love we begin
friendship.

HEINRICH HEINE.

LOVE never fades though violets die.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE praise that comes from love does not
make us vain, but humble rather.

J. M. BARRIE.

THE ear is the road to the heart ; and the
heart is the road to the rest.

ANONYMOUS.

THE solitude of childhood is not so much
the mother of thought as it is the feeder of
love.

CHARLES LAMB.

ANIMAL love is a mere matter of tempera-
ture, as science tells us ; I'm not sure that
spiritual love is not, too, — extremes of the
same force.

PHILIP MORISON.

THOSE who have loved have little relish for
friendship. The devotee of strong drink finds
wine insipid.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

IN love, anger is always false.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

LOVE manufactures every man into a poet
while the fever lasts. MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

CONSTANCY is the chimera of love.

MARQUIS DE VAUVENARGUES.

LOVE betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LOVE and poverty are hard to hide.

PROVERB.

NEVER a lip is curved in pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

It is a wonderful subduer, — this love, this
hunger of the heart.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE magic of first love is the ignorance
that it can ever end.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

LOVE — what a volume in a word, an
ocean in a tear !

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

LOVE works miracles every day ; such as
weakening the strong and strengthening the
weak ; making fools of the wise, and wise
men of fools ; favoring the passions, destroy-
ing the reason ; and, in a word, turning
everything topsy-turvy.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

It is not decided that women love more than men, but it is indisputable that they love better.

S. DUBAY.

LITTLE girls are won with dolls; big ones with oaths.

ANTOINE RICARD.

LOVE is a thing so mighty that it prevails over all circumstances. It can live solitary even in the greatest crowd.

JULES MICHELET.

IN the smallest cottage there is room for two lovers.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

'T IS life itself to love.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

THE morality of love is custom, not principle.

MRS. HENRY FRERES.

LOVE is — I know not what; which comes — I know not whence; which is formed — I know not how; which enchants — I know not by what; and which ends — I know not when or why.

MADemoiselle DE SCUDÉRI.

LOVE that can flow, and can admit increase, Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE mother's yearning feels the presence
of the cherished child even in the degraded
man.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THOU blind fool Love, what dost thou to
mine eyes,
That they behold and see not what they
see?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ENTIRE love is a worship and cannot be
angry.

LEIGH HUNT.

LOVE is a tyrant that spares no one.

PIERRE CORNEILLE.

LET him look with desire on a demon,
and he will appear like an angel and cherub.

SHAIKH SADI.

ALL or nothing is the motto of love.

ANONYMOUS.

THE comparison of love to fire holds good
in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the
sooner it is extinguished.

HENRY HOME.

THE deepest and most passionate love is
that which survives the death of esteem.

OUIDA.

LOVE understands love ; it need not talk.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

BEFORE the birth of Love, many fearful things took place throughout the Empire of necessity ; but when this god was born, all things rose to men.

SOCRATES.

LOVE, SLEEP, AND DEATH.

WEARIED with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old mole-hill, covered with gray grass, by the wayside, I laid my head upon it and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of a dream or vision came over me. Two beautiful youths appeared beside me ; each was winged ; but the wings were hanging down and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other : "He is under my guardianship for the present ; do not awaken him with that feather." . . . "This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly ; "but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you without me are capable of imparting." "Be it so !" answered the gentler. "None is

less inclined to quarrel and dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously call upon me for succor, but so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you!" "Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it." I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. . . . I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and

cried, "Go away! go away! nothing that thou touchest lives." "Say rather, child!" replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, "say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it." Love pouted and rumped and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head, but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. . . . I would now have looked for those others; but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily: "Sleep is on his way to the Earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to these he hastens; for every call only makes him fly farther off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one." "And Love!" said I, "whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him." "He who cannot follow me,

he who cannot overtake and pass me," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth and in heaven. Look up! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee." I looked: the earth was under me; I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

XVII.

WHERE there is marriage without love,
there will be love without marriage.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

How sweet is the prayer of the virgin
heart to its love! Thy virtue won me.
With virtue preserve me! Dost thou love
me? Keep me, then, still worthy to be
loved.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE passions do not die out; they burn
out.

NINON DE LENCLOS.

THE love that is fed with presents always
requires feeding.

T. L. HAINES.

PRIVATE affection bereaves us easily of a
right judgment.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun
threads our affections are drawn together.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LOVE is like medical science, the art of
assisting nature.

DR. LALLEMAND.

HYMEN comes after love, as smoke after flame. SÉBASTIEN ROCHE NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

ONE loves less the more he judges.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

LOVE in marriage would be the realization of a beautiful dream, if marriage were not too often the end of it. ALPHONSE KARR.

LOVE makes mutes of those who habitually speak most fluently.

MADemoiselle DE SCUDÉRI.

THE duration of passion is no more in our power than the duration of life.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

LOVE's darts are silver ; when they turn to fire in the noble heart, they impart a portion of that heavenly flame which is their element.

T. L. HAINES.

It is the duty of men to love even those who injure them.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

To be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable.

LADY MONTAGU.

LOVE, pleasure, and inconstancy are but the consequences of a desire to know the truth.

CHARLES PINEAU DUCLOS.

WE seldom give our love to what is
worthiest in its object. J. M. BARRIE.

PITY, the tenderest part of love.

YALDEN.

It is not love that ruins us ; it is the way
we make it. COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN.

I BELIEVE what are called broken hearts
are very rare articles indeed.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

OUGHT he to think it a crime for her to
have preferred such men?

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

LOVE is the purification of the heart from
self ; it strengthens and ennobles the char-
acter, gives higher motives and a nobler
aim to every action of life.

MISS JEWSBURY.

It is better to desire than to enjoy, to
love than to be loved.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

LOVE is swift, sincere, pious, pleasant,
gentle, strong, patient, faithful, prudent, long-
suffering, manly, and never seeking her own.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

LOVE borrows greatly from opinion. Pride
above all things strengthens affection.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

WHAT! fly from love? vain hope: there's
no retreat,
When he has wings and I have only feet.

AULUS LICINIUS ARCHIAS.

LOVE is the hardest lesson in Christianity:
but for that reason it should be most our
care to learn it.

WILLIAM PENN.

LOVE me, love my dog.

PROVERB.

LOVE must be sustained like flesh and
blood,
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a
jelly.

LORD BYRON.

LOVE and the Soul, working together,
might go on producing Venuses without
end, each different and all beautiful.

JAMES WOOD.

LOVE in its broadest sense, as applied to
all the relations of life, is the sense of good-
ness in another which makes one instinc-
tively desire to keep that other creature
united to one's self.

THORNTON HUNT.

LOVE and friendship exclude each other.
Love begins by love, and the strongest
friendship could only give birth to a feeble
love.

DU CŒUR.

THE science of love is the philosophy of
the heart.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

OH, must the cup that holds the sweetest
vintage of the vine of life taste bitter at the
dregs? Is there no story, no legend, no
love passage, which shall end even as the
bow that God hath bent in heaven, o'er
the sad waste of mortal histories, promising
respite to the rain of tears?

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LOVE is a disease that kills nobody but
one whose time has come.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

ONE hour of love will teach a woman more
of her true relations than all your philoso-
phizing.

MARGARET FULLER.

READ it, sweet maid, tho' it be done but
slightly,
Who can show all his love, doth love but
lightly.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

LOVE is never so blind as when it is to
spy faults.

ROBERT SOUTH.

THE sharpest-sighted hunter in the uni-
verse is Love, for finding what he seeks and
only that.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep. . . .
But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart?
Then die, dear, die.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

EVERY cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOVE is kin to deity.

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE love season is the carnival of egoism,
and it brings the touchstone to our natures.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

WHEN love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget.

HELEN HUNT.

THE yielded, loving, fragrant breasts
Of Beauty, and the rosy breast-blossoms,
Love's rubies.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

COME live with me and be my love ;
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

INSTRUCT me now what love will do ;
'T will make a tongueless man to woo.
Inform me next what love will do ;
'T will strangely make a one of two.
Teach me besides what love will do ;
'T will quickly mar and make ye too.
Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
'T will hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

OF the uses of adversity which are sweet,
none are sweeter than those which grow out
of disappointed love.

HENRY TAYLOR.

LOVE seems to survive life, and to reach
beyond it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WE never know how much one loves till
we know how much he is willing to endure
and suffer for us ; and it is the suffering
element that measures love.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

To love is a rare happiness ; if it were common, it would be better to be a man than a god.

MADAME DU CHÂTELET.

To continue love in marriage is a science. It requires so little to kill those sweet emotions, those precious illusions, which form the charm of life.

MADAME REYBAUD.

THIS may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LOVE is not, as people say or would have you believe, a crisis, a drama in one act. If it were but this, an accident so transitory would hardly be worth our attention.

JULES MICHELET.

LOVE works a different way in different minds, The fool enlightens and the wise he binds.

JOHN DRYDEN.

LOVE is dependent upon forms ; courtesy of etiquette guards and protects courtesy of heart.

T. L. HAINES.

I WAS not the man to sigh and cry for love like a Romeo.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

THAT blind, rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE is a flame which burns in heaven, and whose soft reflections radiate to us. Two worlds are opened, two lives given to it. It is by love that we double our being; it is by love that we approach God.

AMIE-MARTIN.

THOSE moral automata who in all situations are the same . . . we never knew one of them long loved. One never sees the heart beat in one of them.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

NOTHING is so fierce but love will soften; nothing so sharp-sighted in other matters, but it will throw a mist before the eyes.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LOVE should dare everything when it has everything to fear.

BERNARD JOSEPH SAURIN.

WHEN all that is fond in our nature is most thoroughly awakened, when we feel most deeply and tenderly, — even then, love is so conscious of its instability that we are irresistibly prompted to ask: Do you love me? Will you love me always?

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

It is not anything to be beautiful — unless
one is loved — and then it is different.

MARIE CORELLI.

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow ;
Ah, no ! the love that kills indeed
Despatches at a blow.

LORD HOLLAND.

LOVE À LA MODE.

“THAT’S all very fine talk, but you know it is n’t natural — ” “To live decently? — no, I suppose it is not nowadays. Perhaps it never was. But, my dear Mila, you need n’t be so disquieted about me. If it make you any more comfortable as to my sanity, I can assure you it is not virtue : no one knows such a word ; it is only indifference.” “You are very queer, Hilda,” said Madame Mila, impatiently. “All I know is, I should like to see you in love, and see what you’d say *then*.” The Lady Hilda, who was never more moved by her feather-headed cousin’s words than a rock by a butterfly, felt a sudden warmth on her face, — perhaps of anger. “In love !” she

echoed with less languor and more impetuosity than she had ever displayed, "are you ever in love, any of you, ever? You have senses and vanity and an inordinate fear of not being in the fashion; and so you take your lovers as you drink your stimulants and wear your wigs and tie your skirts back, — because everybody else does it, and not to do it is to be odd or prudish, or something you would hate to be called. Love! it is an unknown thing to you all. You have a sort of miserable hectic passion, perhaps, that is a drug you take as you take chlorodyne, — just to excite you and make your jaded nerves a little alive again, and yet you are such cowards that you have not even the courage of passion, but label your drug Friendship, and beg Society to observe that you only keep it for family uses, like arnica or like glycerine. You want notoriety; you want to indulge your fancies and yet keep your place in the world. You like to drag a young man about by a chain, as if he were the dancing monkey that you depended upon for subsistence. You like other women to see that you are not too *passée* to be every whit as improper as if you were twenty. You

like to advertise your successes, as it were, with drum and trumpet, because if you did not, people might begin to doubt that you had any. You like all that, and you like to feel there is nothing you do not know and no lengths you have not gone, and so you ring all the changes on all the varieties of intrigue and sensuality, and go over the gamut of sickly sentiment and nauseous license as an orchestra tunes its strings up every night ! That is what all you people call love ; I am content enough to have no knowledge of it —” “ Good gracious, Hilda !” said Madame Mila, with wide-open eyes of absolute amazement ; “ you talk as if you were one of the angry husbands in a comedy of Feuillet or Dumas.”

OUIDA.

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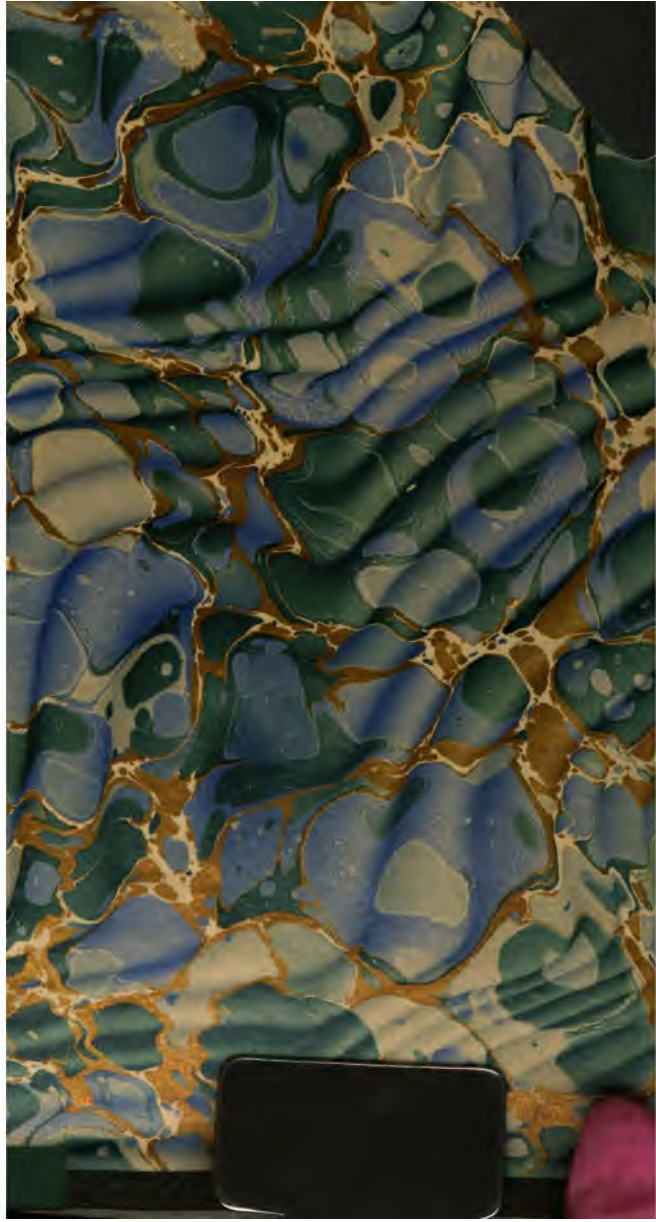
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